

The Forum

DECEMBER, 1922

WILL THERE BE PEACE IN IRELAND?

By SEUMAS MACMANUS



SPENT five summer and harvest months in Ireland this year, going there as an impartial, but deeply interested, observer who deprecated the internecine strife that tore my native country.

Since the industry of exporting news is in the hands of one party, the Government party, the natural result is that outsiders are fairly well fed upon highly colored exaggerations and extortions of fact, and those artful half-truths which are much more misleading than clean lies. So I preface this record of my observations and conclusions with the statement that the Republican fighters have been grossly misrepresented and belied by the news-despatches. They are far from being the reckless rascals that newspaper readers in America were induced to believe. They are a mixture of saints and sinners, just like their opponents, or like the rest of us. It is true that they got into their ranks a number of undesirable "truce warriors," who, after the subsidence of the Black-and-Tan terror, were suddenly seized with a desire to die for their country. And these gentlemen, by their lack of principle, have often times

brought disgrace upon the Republican ranks by unworthy methods of warfare, and by wanton destruction of public property. The nucleus of the Republican army in Ireland—and also the nucleus of the Government army—is composed of genuine men who took their lives in their hands and went out to fight or die for their country at a time when only the loftiest and most courageous idealism could force men into the fray.

Though the Republican army, having such men as its heart and soul may conceivably (a remote conception) be wiped out, it cannot be beaten. Both the court-martial-and-death measure of the Government, and ukase of the Hierarchy, will fail to deter or discourage the Republicans. As may already be noticed from the news, these blows to the Republican cause have only redoubled their energy and intensified their fighting. These men disregard the call of the Bishops, because they say that the right or wrong of their struggle is not a moral, but a political, question. They disregard the death measure of the Government because threat of punishment will seldom discourage, and fear of death seldom prevent, Irishmen from striving for what they consider to be an ideal. Indeed, it is strange to think how the Provisional Irish Government could ever permit itself to try the death measure as a deterrent, seeing that this Government is largely composed of men who only a few years ago laughed to scorn every new and improved death measure levelled at them by the British Government.

While in this article I do not deal with the right or the wrong of either party's stand, I will record the fact that the bulk of Republican fighters today just as sincerely believe, as did the fighters of two and three years ago, that the one issue is freedom or slavery for their country. The only result then of the two most sensational steps taken for the ending of the fight is that during the coming months these Republicans will wage war with redoubled intensity, and with a desperation that will startle Ireland. And this holds true whether they are preparing to make peace, or determining to fight to extinction.

If the Republicans feel themselves on the eve of proposing or accepting a compromise, they will first expend the last ounce of energy in intensification of the fight, by their show of strength and determination to induce better terms. If they have resolved to go on to extinction, they will naturally fight more desperately than before, determined the more dearly to sell their lives, and the more effectively to stamp on the imagination of the Irish nation, both now and for time to come, the deep sincerity of their conviction that they are saving Ireland's soul.

My own opinion—gathered from the atmosphere—is that there will be a peace settlement within three months, a settlement which will not be a conquest by the Government, but by which, nevertheless, the Republicans will consent to quit the field for the time being.

However, if, contrary to my belief, there be no settlement, the end of the fight by extinction of the Republican forces is far off—this notwithstanding the fact that the body of Republican fighters is not large. It is to be remembered that, during the Anglo-Irish War, a much smaller force defied, fought, paralyzed, practically defeated, the might and power of Britain, a large and splendidly equipped army with all Great Britain's resources behind it.

The obvious comment on my statement is, Oh, but then the Irish fighters had the whole Irish population behind them, while in the present instance the case is reversed. This comment is only partially correct. Of the inhabitants aged sixteen and over of the twenty-six counties in which the fight goes forward, certainly three-fourths—possibly more—support the Provisional Government. Certainly not more than one in four, and possibly less, favor the Republican fight. But this seemingly insuperable handicap of the Republicans is much modified by two factors. One is that of the thinking, working and fighting portion of the population—that portion which always leads in activities—nearly one-half actively or tacitly support the Republican fight. The second factor lies in one of those Irish charac-

teristics which neither Englishmen nor Americans can understand. It is the inherent sympathy with the hunted that has always been potent in Ireland. For long ages the hunter in Ireland connoted foreign tyranny, and the hunted deathless love of Ireland. These connotations were, during fearful centuries, stamped so vividly on the Irish imagination that it will take generations, if not centuries, to erase them. Consequently, there are tens of thousands of Treatyites, ardent government supporters, who are subconsciously with the indomitable band of Republican fighters—with those who are eagerly willing to give up their lives rather than their principle—those who in their own words are “willing to die that Ireland may live.”

Here, I am not theorizing, but speaking from practical experience. In the mountains of my own home in Donegal was a commando of hunted Republicans, flotsam and jetsam cast together from various quarters of Ireland, whence they were wrenched by the political storm. In this commando were all sorts and conditions of young men, landed and landless, laborer, lawyer, doctor. They were frequently hatless, shoeless, shirtless—often breakfastless and supperless. The only things that no one of them lacked were his gun, his filled bandolier, and his love of Ireland's liberty as he saw it. They were drifting to and fro in a locality which in terms of partisanship might be described as “Free State” territory. That is to say, the vast majority of the population in that district were active supporters of the Provisional Government in the acceptance of the Treaty. Yet, though bands of Government troops encircled the district that was the refuge of that handful of Republican fighters, and again and again tried to capture them, without loss of life, by descents at night, these Republicans, hiding in supposedly hostile territory, persistently eluded and laughed at their pursuers, did so because there was no one of the Government supporters in the district who would betray them. On the contrary, many Government supporters gave housing and hiding and food galore to the

refugees—gave them eggs and chickens and geese, which they could not afford for their own families; gave to them information of the approaching troops, and gave misinformation to the latter. To every householder each of these boys was suffering for his ardent love for Ireland—whether his method of showing that love was right or wrong. To every mother in the district each hunted boy of them was some poor mother's hunted son—just as, maybe, her own son was hunted by the foreigner a few years before. And to every young man and young woman in the district these boys, bravely suffering and undauntedly maintaining their own, were idolized heroes.

Since this was the attitude of many Treatyites toward the Republican fighting force before the government took the drastic step of passing its court-martial-and-death act, one can easily imagine the increased sympathy won for them since the issue has practically been made death or surrender. Hence one can see that the insurgents are not handicapped as much as might be expected by a hostile population—and that the very great preponderance of Treatyites will not so seriously shorten the life of the Republican Army.

Whether the settlement of the internecine strife come by compromise or by Republican extinction, many readers will anxiously ask, What, in either case, happens to the Treaty? What will be the future relations between Ireland and England? What attitude will Ireland, in the near future, adopt toward the British Empire? What national policy will she pursue? To the foregoing questions I shall give the answers that I found for myself after intimate intercourse and discussion with our people of all classes, and all shades of national thinking.

Whether the settlement of the present dispute in Ireland be effected by pen or by sword, the Treaty will be upheld by the party in power—a party which has the force of the country behind it. And the Treaty will be upheld and observed by succeeding parties and their steadily diminishing section of the population for at least the next decade.

At any opportune time after that it will be ready to go the road of all Treaties—to the scrap heap. To understand why one can so confidently predict this, it is necessary to consider four things; namely, the conditions under which the Treaty was signed; the pronouncements of the two men who made the bulk of the people Treatyites; the defects of the Treaty; the temperament of the Irish people.

Most of the Treatyites whom you meet will candidly tell you that the Treaty was signed with a Lewis gun pointed at the head of the Irish plenipotentiaries. Lloyd George had from public platform threatened upon an exhausted and prostrate Ireland war more terrible than she had yet known, should his terms be rejected. The Irish signatories, say almost all the Irish people, were coerced into signing. "We accepted because, our Republican army having exhausted its supply of arms and ammunition, we were at the mercy of the powerful one." That is consideration number one.

Arthur Griffith, fiercely fighting for Ireland's approval of the Treaty, proclaimed to Ireland, England and the world—so that later he could not be accused of deception—"This is no more a final settlement of the Irish question than is this the final generation of Irishmen." And Michael Collins in the Dáil said, "This Treaty does not give us freedom, but it gives us liberty to achieve freedom."

In the third place, one self-sufficient reason why the Irish people would not even entertain the idea of the Treaty being final is not merely because England insists upon holding military and naval privileges in Ireland—and too many Crown privileges (including especially the oath of allegiance)—but, above all, because one-fifth of Ireland—its northeastern corner—is double-clamped to England, and the Irish portion of its population handed over to the rule of a British-blooded section which is more reactionary, and more jingoistic, than the "die-hards" of Britain itself. No more than America after her War of Independence would have consented to have, say, one of her thirteen states left

WILL THERE BE PEACE IN IRELAND? 1005

under the rule of England's King and Parliament, and in possession of the most reactionary of those hated Tories who bitterly opposed the American revolution, will Ireland ever be content to leave half of Ulster in the like predicament. I could hardly find man, woman or child of the Nationalist population who did not vehemently object to their country being mutilated to satisfy British power and Belfast bias.

Finally, anyone who knows the Celtic nature from the inside is well aware of the fact that even if the aforementioned material defects were not in the present arrangement, the idealism of our people is so accentuated, so demanding, that even, it might be said, silken cords would chafe their limbs; even a formal, nominal acquiescence to foreign authority would leave them in a state of perpetual unrest.

All of the foregoing four reasons would be quickly illuminated to anyone who, knowing our people, could get them to express their minds in a heart-to-heart talk. After debating the subject, not alone with professed Republicans, but with Treatyites in many parts of the country, and in many walks of life, I found that, outside the trading class, and a portion of the elder people of the comfortable farmer folk—two sections who are rather disregarded and who in emergency are herded one way or the other, as desired—the great majority of the Treatyites are really Republican. The two classes which I have excepted want peace on any terms, good or bad, and will accept anything that will end fighting and consequent injury to trade. The great majority of the Treatyites want peace now on the basis of the Treaty, because they hold that they are not now in position to do better; that if the Anglo-Irish fight had continued, or was now renewed, Ireland would come off second best. They believe that if Ireland is now allowed to get her breath and recoup herself, the leverage which the Treaty secures to them will enable them a little later to demand, and gradually get—probably without fighting—still more and more of Ireland's natural rights, until finally, they say, in the

course of a generation, the Republic, which is their ideal, will be achieved.

Consequently the only real difference between the official Republican party and the bulk of the official Treaty party is as to the how and when of achieving the Republic. It is well worth noting that the majority of the military leaders who dared all and suffered much during the Anglo-Irish fight are officially Treatyites. Be certain, these men, in pursuing their present course, right or wrong, have not consciously forsaken or yielded the principles for which under the Terror they had foregone all worldly advantages and offered daily their lives. They have not consciously changed their goal, only followed what they believe to be a new light leading them to that goal.

Many truly sympathetic ones will say that Ireland for her own material gain should willingly accept a place in the British Empire. Treatyites and Republicans, alike, give the obvious answer to this: "What doth it profit a nation to gain the whole world if it lose its own soul?" And without assuming either superiority or inferiority to the British race—either in Britain or in its Dominions—they will tell you that the works, the thoughts, the ideals of the two races are so wide apart that little would be gained for either, but probably much lost by both, in an endeavor to make the British mind and Irish mind conform each to the other. If you yoke the finest draft horse and finest race horse together to do the same work, the result will be disastrous. Britain, under the favorable circumstances of centuries, has well developed herself along her own natural lines. Ireland is now about to develop herself—and can only do so along *her* own natural lines. Their ways and their thoughts are so different that they would ceaselessly antagonize each other and minimize their achievements by perpetual clash. Ireland, for centuries held against her will by Britain, has been, not an advantage to her conqueror, but a wearisome drag. If Ireland and England try to go together in the future they will continually hamper each other.

WILL THERE BE PEACE IN IRELAND? 1007

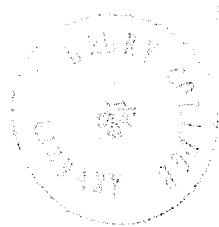
But for the present and for some time to come Ireland remains, is held, within the British Empire. The Treaty will be maintained for a decade at least. The overwhelming majority in the country cries Peace! Peace! After the fearful nightmare of the Anglo-Irish War they hungered for a peace which would give them time to breathe, to think, to consider whither they were going, and how to go there. Half of that majority are peace-at-any-price people. The men who form the government are centerists as between the peace-at-any-price and the freedom-at-any-price people. They will assure the establishment of the Treaty—easily. They are determined on that, and they have overwhelming backing. And a pro-Treaty government will be assured of power for ten or twelve years to come.

The men who now form the Provisional Government, and who will mainly form its more permanent successor, will succeed in establishing the peace that the pro-Treatyites want, but they cannot give the prostrate nation the uplift and onward impetus that the soul of the country cries for. For this purpose (speaking, of course, from the point of view of the pro-Treatyites) the Griffith-Collins combination was ideal. Griffith was a genius of vision, Collins a genius of action. Such a combination is given to a country maybe once in a century. From the pro-Treatyite point of view the *personnel* of the present government measures up to a fair average. The Cabinet is a good common-sense collection, unmarred by any sprinkling of genius. The members' untiring earnestness makes unnecessary brilliant ability; and their dogged tenacity is a pretty good substitute for forcefulness. President Cosgrove is a fine man who surprised even his opponents by an initiative and ability which his quiet personality was not in the habit of proclaiming. Mulcahy, too, is an admirable man both from the political and military point of view—one who, like Cosgrove, cloaked true ability and much force under a quiet and unassuming demeanor. Eoin MacNeill, a very fitting Minister of Education, would have made an exceptionally

good head of the government—probably the nearest true successor to Griffith that the pro-Treaty party could produce—but for an unfortunate accident on the eve of the Rising of 1916. This accident, for which many of the best hold him blameless, withholds from him that popular acclaim necessary to the successful head of a government during an emotional crisis. MacNeill, though he is entirely lacking in the scintillating quality of genius which catches the popular fancy, is in himself an exceptional combination of vision and action. He is a practical thinker of a high order and a persistent and determined worker, who, no matter how laborious the task, would move aside every obstacle that bars his way to a fixed goal.

The lack, then, of an outstanding, popular leader, who, either by his arts or genius, can command the confidence and enthusiasm of his following, is a heavy handicap to the Government and to the whole Treaty party. From out of the unknown the occasion may call forth the man—but no one has yet glimpsed his face in the crowd.

Within a year, the Republicans, having ceased their physical fight, will be waging a powerful moral one. They will, of course, adopt the same uncompromising attitude toward the official Dublin Dáil that the old Sinn Féin party did toward the London Parliament. Their fight will be waged throughout the country. It will not be led by De Valera, who, though he is still their figurehead for public purpose, has lost his grip on the imagination of the Republican party. A genius to lead them will spring from the ranks—an easy matter, inasmuch as the Republican party is possessed of a wealth of genius. When the Republicans, emerged from the caves and from the night-places of the mountains, begin to exhort the people of Ireland from the hill-tops, they will dazzle with their brilliance. In their new role they will enchain the imagination of the nation again, and unrestrainably sweep the country with them to republicanism. From my knowledge of Ireland and the Irish people, I am as easily confident of that as I am of the coming of tomorrow.



RUSSIA'S TENTH INTERNATIONALE

By ABRAHAM EPSTEIN

SOVIET Russia's "Parliament"—the all-Russian Congress of Soviets—is to convene again in December. It will be known as the Tenth Congress. This assembly is Russia's supreme authority. It is entrusted with the formulation of all policies and general principles. Theoretically, it may be compared to the parliaments in European lands. Actually, it is more like a convention of a political party or labor federation, where delegates meet for a short time to listen to reports and to act upon the recommendations of their leaders. The Tenth Congress is of interest aside from its numerical significance. Its decisions will mark a definite turning point in Russian history. The new economic policy has now been given a full trial. The actions of the Congress in regard to this question will indicate whether Russia's tendencies are toward, or away from, Communism.

I was present at some of the sessions of the Ninth Congress last December. It was held in Moscow in the beautiful Imperial Opera House—devoted throughout the year to fine opera and the best ballet. The theatre was ablaze with its hundreds of sparkling electric lights. The red draped boxes with their glittering gold decorations recalled Russia's former days. Facing the stage was the Czar's enormous box with its heavy curtains and gilded rails. Only the emblem in front of it was removed. The multi-colored chandeliers radiated a brilliance as if in preparation for a royal feast.

But this was no holiday for blue-bloods! There were no lustrous uniforms, gold lace, nor beautiful opera cloaks.

There were no lines of gorgeously dressed flunkeys and butlers. Instead, the large theatre was crowded with plain workmen, peasants and soldiers—delegates to the Ninth Congress of all Russia's Soviets. Here were assembled the Soviet leaders from all parts of that revolutionary republic and its federated states. Here were Caucasians and Tartars in their long cloaks, and there were Ukrainians, Georgians, Chuvashians, Kirgizians, in their tall fur hats, while in another corner sat men who came from Mongolia, Turk-estan, Dagestan and Azerbedjan, and the score of other federated republics. The theatre was not very warm. The delegates sat in their overcoats holding their portfolios and papers in gloved hands. Some even had their hats on. Their garb, like their manners, were simple. Most of them were dressed in short sheepskin coats, and many were wearing the leather suits generally identified with Soviet officials and clerks.

The meeting was opened by Kalinin, chairman of both the All-Russian Central Executive Committee and the Congress—a short and gray-bearded man whose peasant simplicity and modesty remained unaffected by the many years spent in the Czar's prisons. A few brief speeches were made. Resolutions were introduced and adopted. The Communists introduced their list of nominees for the Central Executive Committee, the supreme governing body between Congresses. The 300-odd names were read off by the husky, red-headed Tartar secretary of the "C. E. C.," Enukidze, and was accepted solemnly without either debate or discussion. "Wonderful politicians, the Russians! I couldn't resist reflecting how much they have improved upon the genius of their colleagues in this country! And how quietly and smoothly they put things over."

The Russian "Parliament" was so unlike any other legislative body. There was a total absence of the usual heavy atmosphere, the stuffy air, the smoke, and the general inadvertence to which one is accustomed at such gatherings. There were no men lying lazily in their soft chairs, reading

their newspapers, while one of their colleagues was speaking. The aisles and corridors were not filled with lawmakers engaged in telling anecdotes. On the contrary, there prevailed an unusual solemnity. There was almost a religious concentration on the faces of the men and women as they listened to the speakers. There were no worn-out looking old gentlemen to be seen. Youth, enthusiasm and faith—qualities so rare in parliamentary assemblies—were in abundance here. The majority of the delegates were in their early middle ages, with a good sprinkling of young students and soldiers among them. They were not a boisterous nor jubilant lot, however. For, in spite of their years, they were experienced veterans. They came to the capital to seek a solution to the most perilous problems a nation ever faced—famine, cold, disease and starvation. But they displayed a childish enthusiasm when the possibilities of a few tractors were revealed on moving-picture slides. Their countenances lit up at the accomplishments of the agricultural machines. It was in this that Russia's hopes lay, they believed. "If we only get more of these," they whispered, as their eyes became more hopeful, their heads raised a bit, and their faces unfolded a strengthened faith.

But it is not only externally that the All-Russian Congress differs from the general run of parliamentary bodies. It has a distinct genesis historically. Unlike most parliamentary organizations, it is not the child-creature of some preconceived theoretical or political program. It is not the fruit of a profound concept of the rule of the people formulated by any political party. On the contrary, it may be said to have "just growed up" like Topsy. It sprang out of the peculiar Russian conditions which then prevailed.

The Soviet "Parliament" was the spontaneous creation of the Revolution and was not guided by either constitutional or parliamentary proceedings. Of the nine Congresses held so far, five did not even have a constitutional basis for their existence. Unprecedentedly it assumed the supreme governmental authority of the land, and just as oddly it permitted

laws and regulations to be adopted over its head without protest. Unlike other parliaments, the All-Russian Congress of Soviets has so far, even after the adoption of the constitution, displayed no jealousy of its power and authority and has continuously permitted the Council of People's Commissars, headed by Lenin, to enact laws and to issue decrees of a fundamental nature without these having been previously authorized by it. A most glaring example of this is revealed in the inauguration of the new economic policy, which so completely changed Russia's direction from an attempt at Communism to the present state of private enterprise. When the Eighth Congress met, in December of 1920, it was not asked to decide on this most important question. It would have perhaps refused to take such a step at that time. In March, 1921, the Council of People's Commissars issued the startling decree and when the Ninth Congress met, eight months after its inauguration, it fully endorsed the new tactics without criticism or discussion.

Neither was Russia's "Parliament" handicapped by the usual parliamentary formalities, such as the necessity of a quorum, a well-defined time and place of meeting, regularly established constituencies, a definite number of delegates, a well worked-out system of credentials, and a previously arranged term of sessions. These provisions have, so far, been either lacking entirely in the Russian Congresses, or have varied so greatly that they cannot be generalized. During the first five Congresses, delegates were elected by variegated methods. Credential regulations were different for each assembly. There were no established precedents or other rules of order to follow. During the early years especially, delegates rarely arrived in time for the meeting. They continued to arrive throughout the time the Congress was in session, and many came after it had already adjourned. All attempts to establish regular intervals between Congresses failed. Thus, the periods between Congresses vary from two to fifteen months. And for more than two years, although the constitution provided for the

convening of the Congress twice a year, it was not convened oftener than once a year. The Ninth Congress finally amended the constitution to meet with the actual practice. Neither could the length of sessions be determined in advance. Sessions continued only for such time as the work they were called for to do necessitated and the political conditions permitted. They lasted from two to eight days.

While the Russian "Parliament" is still in a state of formulation and flux, there are certain features about it that stand out glaringly. Chief among these is its opportunism and utter disregard of purely idealistic, theoretical and doctrinaire pronouncements, such as may be found in our Declaration of Independence, the English Bill of Rights, or the French Revolution. This is ever more remarkable in view of the natural temptation, in times of social change, to give parliamentary discussions a certain halo of idealism and humanitarianism. The liberal world has paid dearly for the inability of men to withstand this temptation. For this often meant the losing sight of the practical issues. Thus, the Jacobians in 1793 spent their time in creating the Great Constitution of that year, and lost the revolution entirely. In 1848 also, while the German revolutionaries set in Frankfort A. M. writing the last points of the Declaration of Rights of the German people, the thunder of Prussian guns informed them that the revolution was at an end.

The Russians knew history. The Soviet Congresses were not to be swayed by mere sentimental or idealistic phraseology. Their professed Communist goal was not going to detract them from the important practical problems. They were not going to exchange the revolution for beautiful pronouncements. Their mission was practical. Perhaps they were spared the European fate by their proletarian realism. As workers they were not concerned in the creation of the ideal structure and were content to play the less important role of strengthening and safeguarding the new political and social facts which have already come to the

front. "Constitutions," they said, "can wait, while revolutions will not." Thus, in the very critical moment of Kerensky's fall, when the power was transferred to the Bolsheviks, the workers', soldiers' and peasants' delegates to the Second Congress did not sit down to formulate a new constitution and laws. Nor did they begin preparing the plans for the ideal social commonwealth. Instead, they promptly went to the front and let the adoption of a constitution wait till the Fifth Congress—nine months following the securing of power. Similar opportunistic tendencies have characterized all Congresses.

No parliamentary representatives have as fundamental a tie and as close a relationship to the actual power and administration of their country as have Russia's Congressional representatives. The delegates to these assemblies are not made up of people especially selected for the purpose of law-making, who live in the capitol and do little else. The great majority of Soviet delegates are recruited from the people who are actively engaged in the administrative and executive work of the government throughout the country. They are made up of men who are law-makers in the capitol and active administrators or officials at home. They are called together in these conventions, not only for the purposes of "holding council," but also in order to deliberate upon the best methods of enforcing the adopted measures in their different localities. This fact was of benefit to Russia. For when the delegates adopted some new measure, the government would immediately turn to them and demand that these laws be executed fully, without delay. The extent of this representation is shown by the attendance at the Eighth Congress, where nearly 55 per cent. of the delegates were administrative officials.

Another interesting fact about the Soviet "Parliaments" is that only the last two Congresses have been able to devote any attention to the problems of reconstruction and to the general economic policies. The first seven conventions were largely concerned with the problems of the civil wars,

allied blockade, and the defense of the revolution. The Eighth Congress held at the end of 1920 marks a turning point in the development of these gatherings. Their power and prestige became more or less definite from this date. With the 1920 Convention, the attention of the Congress began to be centered upon the economic front. And the Congresses now are devoting their energies to the actual organization of the Soviet economic society.

A number of additional features distinguish the Russian Congresses from European Parliaments, or from that of our own Congress. The Russian system of election is entirely different from that used in other countries, being based upon industrial rather than geographic representation. Delegates are elected by shops and factories, instead of by wards or districts. The Russian Congresses, furthermore, are not debating or law-making bodies. These are left to the Central Executive Committee and the Council of People's Commissars which each Congress elects. So far, their main work has consisted in listening to reports and propositions made by the heads of the government. There is generally little debate on the floor of the Congresses. Delegates may send up questions in writing to the various speakers, and answers are given at the end of each session. Because these Congresses are overwhelmingly Communist, every report and policy of the government is generally adopted without much discussion. While officially the other political parties have usually been accorded an opportunity to express their views at every Congress, opposition orators have generally not met with the same amount of tolerance.

The Russian "Parliament" has no standing or permanent committees. Upon assembling, it divides itself into sections according to the different problems confronting it at the time, such as food, fuel, railroads, famine, health, etc. Delegates may register and attend such meetings as are of interest to them. Questions are debated thoroughly at these section meetings, and resolutions are then introduced to the main

body. Of course, each party holds caucus meetings and decides in advance upon its actions. The Communists being in the majority have naturally thus far succeeded in carrying through all their policies with little difficulty. The caucus principle has been perfected by the Bolsheviks.

While these Congresses have not functioned regularly, especially during the first three years, it may, nevertheless, be said that on the whole they did represent a sort of plebiscite of the Russian masses, upon most of the important steps taken in Russia. Russia's leading questions during the early days, such as the conclusion of the war, the signing of the Brest-Litowsk Treaty, the removal of the capitol to Moscow, the foreign policy, as well as the main problems of reconstruction, were decided upon by the various Congresses of workers', soldiers' and peasants' representatives. As far as Russia may be said to have had a free public opinion, it found expression in these novel parliaments.

No description of the Russian Congresses would be complete without a full appreciation of the supremacy held over it by Russia's all-powerful person—that of Nicholas Lenin. Lenin's influence over these gatherings cannot be exaggerated. From the Second Congress—which met at the time of the Bolshevik Revolution—to the present day, they have listened to his counsels and followed his guidance in every point. Lenin's skill has been revealed best at these conventions. The speech which he, as head of the government, delivers before these Congresses is always the center of attraction and the chief point of discussion. He is at home at these conventions. Although he never reads his speeches, he is brilliant, subtle and lucid at the same time. He is not afraid to repeat an important idea when it is needed for effect. He crushes his enemies by a biting sarcasm. Lenin's speeches before the Congresses reveal a most ingenious advertising mind. His program is always concrete before every Congress, and in order to give it popular impetus he epitomizes it in a concrete slogan which promptly becomes the motto of the country. For example, when the Seventh

Congress met, Russia was in danger of being destroyed by disease, especially by the ravages of typhus. Extra measures had to be adopted. Lenin aroused his followers to action by declaring that this was a question whether "the lice will conquer Socialism, or Socialism will conquer the lice." During the Eighth Congress, when the internal reconstruction of the country was the main issue, Lenin summed up the Soviet plan of electrifying all of Russia by declaring that "Communism means the Soviet Government plus electrification." Similarly, at the Ninth Congress, when the new economic policy was already in full swing, and it was a question whether the government or the speculators were going to win the race of government vs. private ownership, Lenin repeated that, "A good Communist is one that knows best how to trade" and urged his followers to study business methods from the best speculators. It will be largely what Lenin will urge at the approaching Tenth Congress that will be Russia's policy for the coming year. For no ruler or Prime Minister was ever more certain of his counsels being accepted by his followers as Lenin is of Soviet Russia's "Parliament."

MALAISE

By LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

A lighted window in the night, a clear
Panel of sky above some narrow street;
Voices across calm water that we hear
As music only, indistinct and sweet;
Marsh lands at evening when the Phoenix-wings
Of sunset have gone beating down the west. . . .
These are secure: the ancient, simple things
No absence can assail, no tears molest.

And yet we follow them with all our needs,
Breathe sorrow into solitude, until
It seems another heart of pity bleeds
Far down the slope of some sea-facing hill,
Unbuilt upon, unbroken by the plow. . . .
World, will you not be weary of us now?

SIR HENRY WORTH THORNTON

By FRANCIS A. CARMAN

SIR HENRY WORTH THORNTON, the new president of the Canadian National Railways, has tackled a man's job. His appointment coincides with the consolidation of all the government lines in the Dominion, twenty-two thousand miles in extent, under a single control, and the system is entering on its corporate life burdened with a heavy operating deficit, to say nothing of immense fixed charges.

The new president, however, American born and Briton naturalized, is used to tackling big jobs and seeing them through. An Indianian by birth, a Pennsylvanian by education, physically a son of Anak, his thirteen years on the Pennsylvania railroad were lucky both for him and for the company; and the end of that period found him with the title of general superintendent at the head of the Long Island section of the big system. At this point in his career England reached out and took him for the general manager's chair on a railway with the heaviest passenger traffic in the world, the Great Eastern, which also controls shipping on the North Sea. Here the war descended and before it was over this American in his middle forties had so won his way into British confidence that he was placed in charge of the transportation of British troops on the continent. Now he comes out to a wider field and a bigger task, to endeavor to lift the Canadian Government railways out of the slough of deficits; and with massive and determined head upon powerful shoulders, he looks the type of man to whom the joy of the struggle would be more than the higher emoluments which his new post carries.

The slough of deficits in which President Thornton finds the Canadian National Railways is deep enough to satisfy the most bitter opponent of government railways. The sum which the people of Canada had to go down in their pockets for to even up on the operations of last year was a little over \$73,000,000. Of this approximately sixty millions were for fixed charges and the balance a loss on operations.

The situation is not, however, without its brighter side. The deficits on operation have been steadily decreasing for the last year or two. The operating loss in 1920 on the roads now included in the Canadian National Railways—which then were practically under government control and government financial responsibility—was nearly twenty-seven millions. For 1921 it was only a little over twelve millions. Further, up to the end of July—the latest period for which figures are available—there has been an improvement as for this year over last of about eleven millions of dollars. And moreover, of the “fixed charges” \$37,600,000 only are due to the public, the balance being made up of interest on the deficits of the past.

It may be enlightening to put Sir Henry Thornton's problem in another way. The fixed charges which he has to meet—making provision for the payment of interest on past deficits, which, of course, has to be met out of railway revenues or from taxes—total, as already indicated, about \$60,000,000. Putting together the fixed charges of the Canadian Pacific and its stock dividends—now paid so long and so regularly as to be regarded almost in the light of “fixed” charges—the sum which President Beatty must find is \$37,337,000. That is a handicap which might well deter the bravest railwayman from entering the lists. But it is perhaps worth noting that on the basis of charges due to the public—“fixed” and “semi-fixed”—the two presidents start about even.

This problem, with its still big deficits and its burdensome interest charges, with which the new president of the National Railways has elected to grapple, has arisen out of

the failure of two great railway corporations to stand the strain put upon them by the war. There were other contributing causes in both cases, but it was the rising prices and financial stringency of the war that brought on the final collapse. It was the failure of these two companies that has put government ownership of railways into the forefront of Canadian politics. The Canadian people did not go into the wholesale purchase of railways on doctrinaire grounds. It was a condition, and not a theory, that confronted them. There have long been advocates of government ownership in the Dominion, but probably none of them would have been so rash as to advocate the taking over of twenty thousand miles of line within less than five years. But the private owners of the two big systems found themselves unable to carry on; they applied to the government for help and were given it; but still they could not stand alone and came back for more help from the public treasury. Then it was that the government decided that if it must pay the bills, it might better own the roads; and so the present system of government-owned roads came into being.

The great contributing cause of the downfall of the two big railway corporations was transcontinental madness. Canada had one road stretching from ocean to ocean, the C. P. R. There was probably room for a second. But there were two railway "crowds" who wanted to control that second; neither would give way, nor would they pool their interests. The old Grand Trunk, the pioneer railway of central Canada, had a rich system of feeders in Ontario and Quebec. The Canadian Northern, projected and built by Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Daniel Mann, had a promising system on the prairies. If these two "crowds" had been willing to unite forces, the chances are that today the Dominion would have had two transcontinentals in sound financial condition. But they insisted on fighting, so both have gone to the wall. The Grand Trunk started its transcontinental line first and has talked of bad faith on the

part of the government in allowing a third competitor into the field. "On the contrary," as is stated by one of those who presided over the latest stage of this fatal contest, the Grand Trunk arbitration, "the evidence clearly shows that the Grand Trunk enterprise was launched into territory in the prairie provinces already occupied and in process of occupation by the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern systems, and that before the Grand Trunk enterprise was entered upon, express notice in writing had been given to the Grand Trunk by the Canadian Northern Railway Company that it possessed the necessary charter powers and intended to extend its system easterly through Ontario and Quebec and westerly to the Pacific Ocean."

The Canadian Government system of railroads, which has now come under one management as the Canadian National Railways—though that title has been in use for a few years as an informal description of part of the system—has grown up out of a line built as part of the pact of confederation to join the maritime provinces with Quebec and Ontario. This road with all its branches contributes only a little more than twenty-two hundred miles to the big system, or one-tenth of the total mileage. The Intercolonial was never a financial success. It had an operating surplus at times, but it never paid interest on the cost of construction. This was counterbalanced by low rates and by a better service than the finances warranted. It was partially explained by the parallel fact that the C. P. R. did not find its lines east of Montreal a money-maker; indeed, in some years they have showed an operating deficit. But the Intercolonial never imposed a burden on the country that was regarded as a problem; the annual amount involved was small and it was looked upon as part of the price of confederation.

The first of the private railway corporations to come under government ownership was the Canadian Northern. This system, which included a through line from the Pacific to Montreal and Quebec, with feeders on the prairies and

in Ontario and Quebec and a scattered line or two in Nova Scotia, was built mainly out of bonds guaranteed by the provinces and the Dominion. The company had obtained a Dominion guarantee for bonds to link up its prairie system with Ontario just before the Liberals went out of power in 1911; and three years later came back for further guarantees, when the Conservative government of the day took over 40 per cent. of the common stock as security. This created a strong community of interest between the company and the government; and two years later the Mackenzie and Mann interests were back for more aid. They got that, too, but even that was not sufficient. The Dominion government found itself in the position of being the guarantor of over one hundred millions of junior securities; and it became necessary to take over the system or lose all that had been loaned and guaranteed. The act which made the Canadian Northern a government road was passed in 1917, and the system came under government control at the end of the next year.

The history of the collapse of the Grand Trunk has some special features of its own. The parent company has been in operation since the middle of last century. Its financial career was troubled and it received a moderate amount of public subvention, but in the early years of this century it was getting pretty well on its feet. Then it was that it was smitten with the madness for a transcontinental system. The G. T. R. got in ahead of the Canadian Northern with its cross-continent line, but its project was extended for political reasons and fell of its own weight. The original proposal of the company was for a line to connect its Ontario roads with a system of feeders in the West and an extension to the Pacific, but the company could not build without financial help from the government; and government help was by political pressure made conditional upon building across northern Quebec and down into the maritime provinces. This trunk line across virgin territory was constructed so solidly and with such low grades that the

estimates of cost were more than doubled and the company refused to operate it. This section, known as the National Transcontinental and consisting of two thousand miles of line from Moncton to Winnipeg, then lapsed to the government and was added to the Intercolonial. Meanwhile, the burden of the Grand Trunk Pacific, as the western section from Winnipeg to the coast was called, proved so heavy that the parent company had to become a suppliant for government aid again and again, and in the spring of 1919 it notified the government that it could no longer operate its western lines. As the parent company was a heavy guarantor of the bonds of these lines, as well as the owner, this would in the ordinary course of events have meant insolvency for it. The only alternative was continued government aid; and the government again, to protect its loans and guarantees and the general credit of the Dominion, was forced to step in and take over the whole Grand Trunk system.

At the time when the Canadian Northern was taken over, it was done on the basis of assuming the fixed charges, and leaving to arbitration the price to be paid for the common stock not already held by the government. This amounted to six hundred thousand shares and as a result of the arbitration the government paid \$10,000,000 for them. When it came to deal with the Grand Trunk, a more complex arrangement was necessary. The government agreed to guarantee the interest on the debenture stock (\$155,000,000) and on the guaranteed stock (\$60,000,000) of the company; and the price to be paid for the preference and common stocks (\$180,000,000) was left to arbitration. The arbitrators consisted in this case of Sir Walter Cassels, of the Exchequer Court of Canada, chairman; Hon. William H. Taft, representing the company, and Sir Thomas White, former Minister of Finance, representing the government. The majority of the arbitrators, Mr. Taft dissenting, found that, owing to the heavy liabilities involved, the preference and common stocks, which were junior securities, had no

value. The unfortunate Grand Trunk shareholders appealed to the Privy Council in England, which upheld the award of the arbitrators. It is now probable that a petition will be made for an equitable allowance for these shareholders in their misfortune, but no indication has been given as to what answer the government will return.

So the Dominion Government today finds itself owner of something more than twenty-two thousand miles of railway, for which it has assumed fixed charges of sixty millions yearly. Why, it may well be asked, was this course taken? The answer is to be seen in a glance at the other choices which were open. It would have been possible, it is true, to allow these roads to go through the hands of a receiver. But the Dominion and the provinces had tied up in these two railways nearly \$700,000,000 in loans and guarantees, most of the government securities were junior in rank, and liquidation spelled total loss, while the risk to the credit of the country was regarded by both political parties as too great to be run. Another solution, which has been advocated by so eminent a man as Lord Shaughnessy, was to hand over to the C. P. R. all the government roads except the Grand Trunk (which was to be set on its feet again), but this involved guarantees of existing C. P. R. dividends and further—which was more objectionable to the public at large—a practical railway monopoly of the Dominion. The Liberal party in Parliament contains some warm supporters of the Shaughnessy plan, but it would be vigorously opposed by both Conservatives and Progressives—and by many Liberals as well. The Mackenzie-King administration is pledged to give government ownership a fair trial, and the appointment of Sir Henry Thornton is an earnest that the Premier is taking his pledge seriously.

There is no disguising the fact that the financing of the national railways is a heavy burden for a people of less than nine millions. But no Canadian doubts the ability of the country to carry it through. "The abundant resources of the country and the character of the people," as Sir

Joseph Flavelle summed up the matter in his report to the late Prime Minister, Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, "will enable the country to meet every obligation. There will be periods of readjustment when anxiety and concern will be present, but these will always pass. When the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway was proposed there were leaders in Parliament who sincerely thought the enterprise was doomed to failure. Within thirty years men whose opinion upon financial matters was considered authoritative predicted that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company would pay no more dividends. We will have an uncomfortable time for years with this public-owned railway property, but we need not give way to fear if we retain patience and balance, and afford a public-owned property, developed before its time but with unlimited credit, an administration operating under conditions reasonably corresponding to those present in successfully operated private properties."

TO —

By JOSHUA KOPOLOV

Your voice is full of little trembling things
As a tree's throat is full of many a quivering bird;
The silence silvers your hair, and darkness sings
In you, immortal harmonies unheard.

You have moved reverently among ancient fountains
And known the golden horns of long, hushed times
Blowing through visions in you of old mountains
Lifting their grandeur'd brows to sundown climes.

But I must crawl through ugliness, and run
Haggardly down the stark, lone waste of night
Crying forever in vain for beauty's lips. . . .

Only where earth, rain-sparred and glittering, dips
Its keel into the black waters of oblivion
There may be a phosphorescence and a light. . . .

HOLBERG AND THE DANISH STAGE

By JULIUS MORITZEN

DRAMATIC art within a given country probably offers no greater contrasts than the realistic plays of Henrik Ibsen and the droll comedies of Ludvig Holberg. What would seem still more to the point, so far as Scandinavia is concerned, with all that the Ibsen drama means to the exposition of social conditions and however much realism will be able to make its appeal it is a safe venture that the name of Holberg will continue for generations to be synonymous with all that is fundamentally sound in theatrics. That the Royal Danish Theatre has lent itself so excellently to presentation of Ibsen plays as well as the comedies of Holberg is but a further evidence what this institution means to the people of the Scandinavian North.

The reason is not far to seek why the two-hundredth anniversary of the performance of the first play by Ludvig Holberg is considered by Danes and Norwegians an event of considerable importance. The dramatic season of 1922-23, as it applies to Copenhagen, very naturally witnesses a revival of Holberg at the Royal Danish Theatre which focuses the attention on the relationship that exists between the Danish Molière, as he is so frequently called, and this notable institution in the capital of Denmark.

Ludvig Holberg was born at Bergen, Norway, December 3, 1684. At that time Norway was under the crown of Denmark, and since a century ago the city of Bergen took the initiative in celebrating a Holberg centennial, it has been a frequently disputed point whether the great playwright is a Dane or Norwegian by birth. However, this question of nationality does not enter at all into the common

acceptance of Ludvig Holberg as a Scandinavian asset of the highest artistic value.

In drawing aside the curtain and turning the light on the playwright and the stage of which Ludvig Holberg is a founder, his resemblance to Molière. and in what way the two differ, furnishes an opportunity for estimating Holberg at his full value. As a matter of fact, to call Holberg the Danish Molière is a misnomer. It is true that both wrote plays that searched out human motives and made satire and humor their vehicles in bringing home the lesson. The audiences of both had their risibilities aroused at the portraying of foibles and idiosyncrasies that were their own stage reflections. But Holberg's quality of humor was all his own. Born nine years after the death of Jean Baptiste Poquelin there is no doubt that Holberg owed much to the French dramatist on the score of technique. On the other hand, the influence of England on the entire productivity of the Danish author is unquestioned.

Much as his comedies did toward establishing his fame they by no means encompass Holberg's genius. As scholar and philosopher he took rank equal with some of the foremost of his time in other lands beside his own. England became the cradle of his literary aspirations and he said himself that Oxford gave him the inspiration to launch forth on the sea of authorship. It is quite regrettable that due to the limitation of the Danish language not a great deal has been said in the past as to Holberg and English readers. Neither France or Germany have been so neglectful in making an acquaintance with his productions. Like Voltaire twenty years before, Holberg came to England to study and to learn. But there is this difference to be noted that when Voltaire came upon British soil he was a man of thirty, coming as an exile from France after an active life in the literary circles of Paris, while Ludvig Holberg was only twenty-two years of age. Impressionable to a degree and familiar as he was with English, the Norwegian visitor had the advantage that he could at once begin to benefit from the literary atmosphere around him.

Preliminary to his stay in England Holberg had seen something of Continental Europe. At the age of twenty he had taken his university degree as a theologian, when shortly after he sailed from Bergen for Amsterdam. His native Norway, a political appendage to Denmark appeared to offer him no opportunity for his ambition, as the church and the schools were not to his liking. Following the example of his father, young Holberg went abroad to learn the military profession, but unlike his parent he did not succeed in entering upon this career. Returning to Norway, Ludvig Holberg then went to Oxford.

Regarding Holberg's experience at the great university he called the three years he spent in England the happiest in his life. Making many friends he earned some money as a teacher of languages and doing literary work for others. He studied the shifting of political alliances, the final phases of the sway held by the Paris autocratic rulers over the rest of Continental Europe. Those were also the days of the decline of Holland as a European factor, while the sudden rise of England, its increase as a sea-power and the extension of the colonial empire, all combined to enlist Holberg's interest which long after his stay in Oxford were of a political rather than literary nature.

Here, then, was the future writer of comedies absorbing the very qualities that subsequently found expression in such scholarly works as "An Introduction to International Law," "Description of the Principal Nations of Europe," "Epistles," "The History of Denmark," etc. In "Niels Klim's Subterranean Journey," Holberg strikes a different note. In order to avoid the Danish censor it was written in Latin and published in Leipzig. This account of a series of visits paid by Niels Klim to certain strange nations within the hollow of the earth, by its pointed satire on the customs of contemporary society is written somewhat in the strain of Robinson Crusoe. Soon after its publication it was translated into most other European languages and is one of the very few among Holberg's works rendered into English.

It is not as the scholar that he was that Holberg is best remembered by the generations succeeding the period in which he lived and worked. Rather it is as the founder of a native dramatic school that his memory is kept green among Scandinavians. It has been said of him that he "seized with avidity the opportunity to write comedy, not from a desire to display his own versatility, or from an absorbing devotion to the drama as a form of art, but because he believed that through his plays he could fulfill most completely what he conceived to be his intellectual mission."

As early as the seventeenth century the Danish Court maintained a playhouse, but as the performers were either French or German this erstwhile effort at dramatic presentation is of interest chiefly because it spurred native talent into action. It was not until 1720, however, that the Danish public got the chance to attend the theatre. Two years later the Danish language was used for the first time on the Northern stage. And while the first performance in the vernacular was a translation of Molière's "L'Avare," the next production was Holberg's "The Political Tinker." The premiere took place on September 22, 1722, and it is this event that centers the interest in the two-hundredth anniversary celebration.

The Danes are fond of calling the Royal Danish Theatre the "House of Holberg." It was in 1721 that a small number of citizens in Copenhagen believed the time ripe for the establishment of native drama in Denmark. A company, with a French actor by the name of Montaigu as director, was formed and after royal permission had been obtained to bring out plays in Danish, Holberg was approached for the purpose of furnishing material. Although his university duties kept him fully occupied with the composition of scholarly treatises and moral essays he responded to the request with avidity.

Writing with almost incredible swiftness, by the time the theatre was opened, on August 23, 1722, Holberg had finished five of his best plays, including the three famous com-

edies, "Jeppe of the Hill," "The Political Tinker," and "Erasmus Montanus." In all he wrote and produced twenty-six comedies. Playwright, actor and impresario rolled into one, he became the center and circumference of all that concerned Danish scenic art in those early days when his genius shone resplendantly. But a storm and stress period set in that even his indefatigable efforts were unable to stand up against. Finally, in 1748, a healthier condition took hold, but the debts with which the theatre had been burdened since its inception were not paid off until 1770 when the King of Denmark assumed all obligations. For the next three quarters of a century the Danish stage remained an adjunct of the Royal Court. In 1849, however, the nation took over the affairs of theatre since which time the endowed national playhouse as an educational and cultural institution has been a strong factor in the development of Denmark and the Danes.

In order to understand the fundamentals of the endowed Royal Danish Theatre as it is today it is essential to turn back to the first six years that marked the work of Ludvig Holberg and the direction of the theatre under Montaigne. The company led a most precarious existence. The public did not support the enterprise properly. When King Frederick VI granted a royal subvention of \$2,500 a year and the company began to play under the proud title of Royal Actors some improvement set in. But the devastating fire that swept Copenhagen about that time put a temporary stop to all forms of amusements, the clergy declaring that the conflagration was the scourge of Providence for the wickedness of the city, the most impudent form of which, they asserted, was the drama. The crown prince was a devout adherent to this doctrine. Before conditions in the city were enough improved to warrant the resumption of the subsidy to the actors the king died, on October 12, 1730. Under the reign of his successor, Christian VI, from 1730 to 1746, no dramatic performances of any sort were sanctioned. The theatre building was disposed of by auction,

the company dissolved and Holberg ceased for the time being to write any more plays.

At the death of Christian VI, the character of the Court immediately changed. One of the first forms of amusement to be restored was the theatre. Although Holberg had no official connection with the company, he agreed to advise the actors about their repertoire and soon his association with the stage revived his interest in dramatic composition. He wrote six new plays during 1751 and 1752. But not one of these was up to his former standard.

The latter part of Holberg's life was spent in peace and affluence; he devoted himself especially to the improvement of his large estates and the betterment of the peasants. He was elevated to the rank of baron in 1747, after bequeathing to the crown his estates for the purpose of endowing the famous old Academy at Soro. He died on January 28, 1754, and was buried in the abbey of the Church of Soro, beside the great Bishop Absalon.

III.

Whether Holberg's nationality is to be considered to be Danish or Norwegian, there is no disputing the fact that Norway has had no small part in making the Royal Danish Theatre known beyond the boundaries of Denmark because of what the plays of Henrik Ibsen have done in that direction. The first of his social dramas to be performed at Copenhagen was his "League of Youth." This was in 1870, and it is quite true that another famous Norwegian, Bjornstjerne Bjornson, preceded Ibsen on that stage by some years with "The Newly Married." But it is the series of society plays that established the fame of Henrik Ibsen throughout the world which have directed attention to the "House of Holberg." Interesting it is to know further that some of the most noted players of Denmark have been equally versatile in Holberg and Ibsen roles.

It was at the Royal Danish Theatre that Henrik Ibsen scored his first big success with "A Doll's House," and part of this success certainly was due to the admirable work of

Betty Hennings, whose long connection with the stage terminated quite recently with the actress attaining her three-score and ten. That she has been seen to great advantage in a number of Holberg roles as well testifies to the exceptional versatility of this Danish actress. It would require recounting the most important incidents in the history of the Danish stage during more than half a century to give Betty Hennings her just dues as a scenic artist. She is by no means alone in being a theatrical star on the Northern firmament, but she is representative of the best that the Danish stage has produced.

Chosen by Ibsen himself to enact Nora in "A Doll's House," Betty Hennings has had many imitators, but perhaps few equals in that exacting part. The story of her life reads like a romance. When not quite eight years old the then Betty Schnell was admitted to the dancing school of the Royal Danish Theatre, where M. Bounonville, the instructor of the corps de ballet, saw in his new pupil the great promise that led her gradually from the dance to such emotional parts as Silvia in D'Annuncio's "Gioconda." She has run the entire gamut of the Ibsen plays, terminating with the Irene in "When We Dead Awaken." The variety of her art is shown when contrasting a part like Beatrice in "Dante" with the Princess in Holger Drachmann's "Once Upon a Time. . . ."

Reverting to Holberg, it suffices to mention what the brothers Emil and Olaf Paulsen have accomplished in portraying the great characters that are once more brought to life during the two hundredth anniversary celebration. Rabelais said that the distinctive quality that elevates man above the rest of creation is his capacity for laughter. No disciple of Holberg ever stuck closer to the Rabelain rule than Olaf Paulsen, for instance, in such roles as Jeppe, in "Jeppe of the Hill"; Herman von Bremen, in "The Political Tinker," or Jacob Berg, in "Erasmus Montanus."

Holberg and Molière found human avarice, selfishness and pomposity most fertile soil for stage representation.

In that respect there is little doubt that the French and Scandinavian playwright are of a kind. Seeing the famous characters in the plays of either given their modern setting, it is revealed how little the world has changed in two hundred years and more and with mastery the foibles of mankind can be shown through comedy or drama.

However brief an account of the Royal Danish Theatre, its growth and influence on Danish culture, it is essential to mention what the art of the drama owes to the late Dr. Karl Mantzius, whose "The Art of the Theatre in the Nineteenth Century" is an achievement that stands alone. Mantzius, himself an actor of pronounced talent, comes of a theatrical family that has shed glory on the Danish scene.

Standing before the entrance to the Royal Danish Theatre in the King's New Market, Copenhagen, the statues of Oehlenslæger and Holberg symbolize to what an extent a small country like Denmark can contribute to the enlightenment and culture of its people. Romanticist and realist in their particular periods, the names of these Scandinavian writers blend into a harmonious whole, and for generations to come undoubtedly will be as loadstars in a domain that, no matter where the lines divert, has become a necessity to the progress of the nations.

BAALBEK

By BLANCHE COATES MATTHIAS

White clouds on the sky,
White blossoms on the trees;
White feathers on the ground—
Something killed last night!
Killed!—
Something killed last night—
White feathers on the ground—
Blossoms on the trees—clouds!

PLAYS, PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT

By MARY CASS CANFIELD

THE Greenwich Village Follies are, as their name implies, "artistic" follies. This does not mean that they are dull, that the manner of them swamps their matter. Only that they represent elimination rather than mass, taste rather than opulence. We do not get in them Mr. Ziegfeld's golden armies of girls tramping a bit too triumphantly before the footlights. All suspicion of Hippodrome magnificence, of size sensation is scrupulously avoided. The chorus of this recondite review seems composed of people who are taking histrionics more or less seriously; they do not appear to be exclusively engaged in "glorifying the American girl." Instead they are busy getting into the pictures which the brains of various artists have devised for them.

These Follies are for the most part an Epicurean feast to the eye. The Chauve Souris has made an excellent mark on this show and has probably initiated a new type of entertainment in our theatre. From the Russian vaudeville our quickly imitative producers have lifted several useful notions. Surprising color, emphasis on the grotesque as more significant than the pretty, the aliveness of irresponsible nonsense as opposed to logical, pasteboard plot, presentation of fable or folk song as simplified drama, these are all Balieff treasures which we now find glittering on the fingers of Broadway impressarios. And so much the better. Mr. Balieff in his second Chauve Souris took an old French song: "The King Orders the Drums to be Beaten" and built a miniature tragedy with it; Mr. John Murray Anderson has chosen Oscar Wilde's story: "The Nightingale and the Rose" and staged it. In the process he has made it, to its loss, more

of a ballet than a tale; a particularly false note in the middle of it is the series of pseudo-Pavlova gyrations by Miss Ula Sharon, who has more temperature than temperament. Somewhere a cog has slipped; the artistic rightness of the Russians is not here either in the ground plan of the act or in its interpretation, which is more business-like than inspired. And yet the evocation has charm, poetry, visual beauty. The pastry palace, somehow recalling the Soldiers and Sailors Monument which saddens Riverside Drive, could surely have been improved upon as a *mise en scène*; but lyrical grace has been attained by Mr. James Reynolds in his costume designs for this number. These are keyed to a fairy tale, not to the faintly flat episode presented us. They are glorious arabesques, Aubrey Beardsley colored by Bakst, absurd elegances, mincing subtleties as heartless and exquisite as Oscar Wilde's own conception of crystal-line aristocracy.

An antidote to "The Nightingale and the Rose," mustard after caviar, is Mr. Bert Savoy, who with his side partner, Mr. Brennan, happily punctuates the show in three or four scenes. Mr. Savoy, a Gainsborough hatted "vamp" is amazingly chic; he has diverted himself by trying to reproduce the lines of a fashion plate and has gorgeously succeeded. As for his humor it is, as ever, good natured, brilliantly ridiculous and above all infectious. No other music hall comedian has just his horse power, his immensely gregarious wit. Mr. Savoy has substituted for "You don't know the half of it, dearie," and "I'm glad you asked me," "You should have been with us," which phrase will probably tour the United States. Later in the evening, Mr. Balieff is duly and, thanks to his idiosyncrasies, very satisfactorily, taken off. Mr. Carl Randall provides the most American feature of a rather cosmopolitan performance by his eccentric and effortless rhythmic dancing. One is tempted to declare him the best of our male dancers in the jazz department; he has a precision of technique not often approached, a taking sincerity in his impersonations,

and with it all a careless and charming ease of manner. A Spanish solo shows him effective in a "genre" differing from his usual efforts; here he undulates with a highly magnetic sobriety very Andalusian against a successful back drop, a yellow plaster house of Seville or Madrid, as incandescently simplified as a Sorolla. The other pleasant numbers on the program include two acrobats, Fortunello and Cirilino, who stage a grotesque number "Happy Hooligans" in which they accomplish the incredible with intriguing, clock-work quiet; John E. Hazzard, who sings amusingly a teary and beery melody, which appears to date from about the eighties, entitled "Good-by to dear old Alaska" and an interesting importation, a new luminary, Mademoiselle Yvonne George.

Mlle. George has been for some seasons an attraction at the cabaret "chez Fisher" in Paris, where she sings the melancholy and caustic gutter ballads of Montmartre. She is a not very young woman, square of figure, with a vividly youthful face, a face that will refuse to grow old, a face with a sort of tragic twinkle. As she came on to the stage of the Shubert Theatre, dressed in plain black velvet, a perfect Manet, relying for her effect not on jewels and gilt, but on her own subtle merit, the profundity, lightness and poise of her self, she was a distinct shock. She is of the school of Yvette Guilbert, what the French in order to underline simplicity of delivery call "a sayer," her finger close on the pulse of the people as her interpretation of two songs "J'ai pas de veine" and "Mon homme" amply proved; however, it is Guilbert with fewer strings. Mlle. George is not a great dramatic volcano, a disconcerting genius, but a discerning and expressive spirit, with a portion of Guilbert's feeling for humble tragedy and revolt, for essential emotions. The audience appreciated Mlle. George in spite of the fact that she sang in French. Her truth to type transcended language; something of the ironic common sense, the awkward pathos, the unashamed intensity of the two derelicts she represented pierced through the estrang-

ing veil of a foreign tongue. As the curtain fell on the final, necessary harlequinade, one's eye strayed involuntarily from the peacock splendor of the dancers, from Mr. Savoy's flamboyant frame, to a calm figure in black who stood with folded hands and a smile charmingly urbane, keeping her own perspicacious and untouched counsel. Clever Mr. John Murray Anderson so to mix drinks, so to wear his rue with a difference!

In order to fully appreciate "The Greenwich Village Follies" one should go to the much heralded, new "Music Box Revue," a cruelly boring entertainment, staged without a hint of the colorful fantasy of Mr. Anderson's show, and possessing only a few minutes of respite from a sort of noisy vacuum, a blank succession of scenes with no bumps of character. There is a fairly diverting act from a melodrama "The Lady in Red" which presents the ludicrous terrors of stage business which does not happen, thanks to an absent-minded property man; this has been already better done in "The Torch Bearers." The only fun, besides this, in the evening is offered by Charlotte Greenwood who laughs at herself with a certain congenial drollery. The most difficult moments were the many which featured a rather complacent comedian by name, Bobby Clark; Mr. Clark works as hard and as deafeningly as a Ford going up hill, but all his gear shifts do not produce the effect which would be made on us by a flip of the wrist from some artist possessing that care-free undulating, indirect quality which is the comic genius. The "Music Box Revue" dates from say eight years ago; it is brisk and incredibly obvious, and it has a uniform tinsel aspect which seems symbolized by the huge curtains of cloth of gold and silver which appeared, through one's haze of ennui, to drape most of the scenes. It seems a straggler down the ages from before the time when producers of revues had discovered that fancy is born elsewhere than within the walls of Broadway costume emporiums, that a comedian is not a blacksmith but a phenomenon as kind as sunlight or as elusive as moonlight;

and that precision and intensity are hall-marks of quality, not only in the followers of the grander arts but in the heel and toe dancer, the acrobat, and the cabaret singer.

Undisturbed by imitation or echoes of his theatre, Mr. Balieff has produced a third bill of the "Chauve Souris." Solidly vivacious as is Mr. Balieff in his role of announcer, ardent or fantastic or superbly ridiculous as are the members of his company, one is inclined to proclaim Mr. Remisoff and Mr. Soudeikine the arch-artists of the troupe. Their settings and costumes "make" the performance whether Mr. Remisoff gives us a concentrated, nostalgic slice of Versailles and the epoch of Marie Antoinette in a clever pocket arrangement of hedges and colonnades and shining satins, whether he makes us laugh with his crazy roofs and mewling cats and luridly flirtatious couple as in "The Night Idyl," or designs an eliminated and beautiful costume and lacquer setting for a Japanese dancer; whether Mr. Soudeikine invents great card-board machines to ridicule for us the doleful folk sentiment of "Malbrough s'en va-t-en Guerre." One may disagree with them; "Malbrough," associated with the pleasantly calamitous reveries of childhood, seemed somehow desecrated, although entertainingly so, by Mr. Soudeikine's grotesque silhouettes, the drinking chorus of monks with ribald Mr. Balieff, a brown robe over his dress suit, commenting it from the side, and the interpolation of farcical verses at the end. Rather would one have seen it done à la Boutet de Monvel, dressed up, although with a tragic shadow over it, like the charming "Joli Tambour" of this same program, in brave and pretty red and white, flowery, gallant and just humorously pompous enough to measure exactly with the naivete of popular fancy:

"Monsieur Malbrough est mort,
Est mort et enterré."

But novelty is the heart and brains of art and the critic is wise to swallow his disapproving shock of surprise, when his pet traditions are dynamited. So let it here be open-

handedly stated that "Malbrough" is one of the striking numbers of a program which also provides an esthetic treat in Mr. Kotchetovsky's Samurai dance, delicious broad caricature in "The Night Idyl," some plaintively melodious singing by pale, black-clad women and dispirited Hussars, a gay and droll peasant scene of songs and dances called "Trepak," the already famous dilapidated chorus of the Zaitzeff Brothers, and an eventful and finely joyful uniting of Katinka to the commander of the Wooden Soldiers, entitled "Katinka's Unexpected Romance."

Out of a company as unselfish and as excellent as Mr. Balieff's one hesitates to pick out an individual for especial commendation; but one cannot help gasping an instant at Madame Deykarhanova's fire and versatility in the three so varying parts taken by her—Zarema (in the Tartar episode, which, after similar scenes presented by Diaghilev's ballet on a much grander scale, did not quite "come off"), the old Louis XV lady of "The Minuet" and an apple-munching peasant woman in "Trepak." Such ability in make-up could easily be used to cover a lack of psychic changeability; Madame Deykarhanova might well rest on her grease paint. But instead she becomes first an ominous denizen of a harem and then a tremulous, faded ivory and then a laughably coarse-grained villager. But the others are not far behind her in self-transformation; Mr. Balieff has players who are liberally and glowingly willing to leave themselves out of the question and become abstractions. We are a little surprised that, struck by their impersonality and our wide-eyed delight, he does not at the end of the performance survey us meditatively and say good-by to us as Thackeray did in "Vanity Fair": "Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out."

Long ago, with "Strife" and "Justice" Mr. Galsworthy established himself as not only an able dramatist, but a serious, impartial and yet merciful student of modern social problems. He has, in his latest play, "Loyalties," the outstanding success of last spring's London season and now

produced in New York at the Gaiety Theatre, demonstrated that he is still able and still most uncommonly serious. One resents the solemnity of his approach in "Loyalties" because his subject matter is not the labor problem with its attendant miseries, or the unsolved question of crime and punishment. He is discussing divergence in social codes, loyalties not to religions or principles, but to conventions, almost to points of etiquette. So slight is this theme that one may be forgiven for drawing the conclusion that Mr. Galsworthy has abandoned his investigator's attitude and merely taken this study of varying ideas of good form as a pretext for writing a good story. But, it seems, one is mistaken, since there is little savor in what can hardly be called his romancing. Over the proceedings there is no Barriresque flashlight of mischief and pity, no nostalgic glow that never was on land or sea; there is no boldly magnificent hobby riding, nor jumping over conventional moons, nor tilting at the stars as by Mr. Chesterton; there is no fantasy and no philosophy, only unbiased reporting, notes written on the cuff by a conscientious and correctly sane observer.

The solicitor's clerk, the police inspector, the footman, all are exact; not one is a prince, or an elf, or even—and here Mr. Galsworthy's realism is shown to be only wax work—a human soul. If a drama is neither a sermon, nor a tale touched by fancy and personal comment, it must, if it is to be treated as a work of art, be a human document, an analysis of individual character and motive. Mr. Galsworthy, however, has created no personalities; he has merely stiffly furnished us with types. It is fair to say that as a study of racial and clan characteristics, as a revelation of types, the play lives up to Mr. Galsworthy's own tradition of well selected objectivity. But the dramatic skill with which the author builds up his scenes, his accurate photography of atmosphere, whether of country-house, club or solicitor's office, the psychological interest he manages to introduce in the conflict between a rich Jew and "officers and gentlemen" should not blind us to the fact that the

theme and manner of this play are unimportantly sensational—are near Henri Bernstein. To the conflict of various loyalties, the sticking together of the Anglo-Saxons, the fierce individualism of the Jew (his truth to himself) the adherence of the lawyer to the ethics of his profession, it is probable that Mr. Galsworthy would point as the solid and worth-while nail on which he hangs the fabric of his story. True, it is a nail, but it does not somehow stand three longish acts of hammering. The whole thing, thanks to Mr. Galsworthy's deadly intentness, produces the effect of being too much ado about not enough, a Wagnerian tempest in an English teapot; when comes the last scene, introducing a tearful wife, the police with a warrant, and a pistol shot, the hectic artificiality of the interest becomes blushing apparent. In this play Mr. Galsworthy's sympathy has, thanks to a weak and watery theme, diluted into a sentimentality which is always his danger; it may be noted in passing that softness alarmingly dogs him in all his recent work.

In "To Love," now running at the Bijou Theatre, M. Paul Géraudy, the French playwright, who wrote "The Nest," has boldly drawn the strictest of triangles. There are only three characters in the piece. Henri, his wife, Helène, and their neighbor in the country, Challenge. Géraudy is noted for his sentimentally charming, often humorous and sometimes poignant naturalism, his light but intent grasp of the conflicting moods and instincts which make life a checker-board pattern and not the safe road-map of conventional moralists.

"To Love" is a study of the woman of thirty, ten years married to a man she chose out of love, whom she respects and who has always adored her. Into the quiet happiness of their country life, which has only been shadowed by the death of their one child some years previous to the opening of the action, steps Challenge, an impulsive, engaging and adventurous person who is at once drawn to Helène and lets her feel it. Against his advances, her husband gently accuses Helène of making no adequate defense. With a

skill born of great fineness of observation G raldy traces the development of the mutual attraction, the battle within Hel ne between emotion for the newcomer and loyalty to her husband, a conflict of passion and affection. The suffering of all three characters, their gradual understanding of each other, is movingly presented; Mr. G raldy has a peculiar talent for lines apparently simple, but full of human truth—cries from the heart as the French call them. There is something at once respectful, pitiful and a little whimsical about M. G raldy's attitude toward his personages, as if he saw humanity noble and tortured and a little foolish. At no moment does he make sensational capital out of emotions; the play is never conventional triangular drama; it ends with neither murder, suicide, nor even the threatened elopement, but with Hel ne's decision to stay with the man she fundamentally loves, in what she discovers is the real sense of "to love," who has shared her hopes and sorrows and is her greatest friend.

Miss Grace George's interpretation of Hel ne, like her translation of the play, shows much intelligence and sense of proportion; she is restrained, she has that spiritual tact which is good taste. She was particularly happy, thanks to this delicate control of hers, in the emotional climaxes. In the more equable moments Miss George's acting was just a little hampered by what one might call footlight consciousness, which is the opposite of embarrassment—rather the assured alertness toward the audience of a stage favorite; in other words, a neglect of the childlike intensity for make-believe which every player of genius has always possessed, that visible throwing away of self which is always a beautiful and curiously touching thing.

Mr. Robert Warwick has this capacity for self-dedication; there is something free and happy and soaring in his playing, something easy and generous which expresses itself in his response to the other people on the stage; he is the best of listeners. He hits Challenge exactly and renders him with simplicity, with very direct emotional force and

a touch of lightness in deportment which admirably suggests a Latin personality. Mr. Norman Trevor, as the husband, is on the whole convincing and always earnest, but his conception is a bit four-square and rigid; he simplifies, he "Galsworthies" Géraldy; he does not, like Mr. Warwick, follow all the fluctuations of the stream. He never seems to realize that a Frenchman, no matter how dignified, prides himself on possessing a pliable vivacity of manner as a necessary stop on his social organ, a really compulsory grace.

But these are minor faults in a performance which is, on the whole, both smooth and highly charged, a credit to the American stage, as is also the choice for presentation of a play as acute and uncompromising and untheatrical as M. Géraldy's.



MARY, THE ODALISQUE

By EVELYN SCOTT

With the odor of perfumes and metals burning,
The flames rise in a hiss of silence.
Cymbals clash.
Repellantly beautiful,
The body unseen
Already sickens with its voluptuousness.

When the smoke clears,
The dancer,
The child—
Shameless eyes,
Trembling mouth,
Body of fourteen—
Offers,
With the habitual gesture of sensuality,
Her singed spray of eglantine.

THE FLOWER OF ISLAM

By CLARENCE K. STREIT

“**A**LREADY the Turkish poets have begun to celebrate Mustapha Kemal Pasha as the ‘Flower of Islam.’ ”

Through the words of the newspaper report of Smyrna’s reception to Mustapha Kemal Pasha, I see the little Turkish town of Tchorum in the heart of Anatolia. It was there, in the days when the Pasha was leading what seemed a forlorn hope, that I first became acquainted with these poets.

Troubadours, I would call them. For Tchorum they were even more. They were, they are the story-tellers, the newspapers, the movies of the ancient East.

I had gone that night through the silent town to the old coffee house on the market square. Mine was the only head not covered by a fez, a kalpak or a turban. Cross-legged on the narrow platform which ran around the large room sat grave patriarchs. Officers, soldiers, young men sat on little chairs at the tables in the center. A boy bearing a cup of thick aromatic coffee and a glass of water threaded his way to me. Through the air wan with the smoke of cigarettes and *narghiles*, the water pipes whose gurgling rose and fell mournfully, curious eyes gazed at me, then turned to the far end of the room.

There on the platform sat a swarthy one-eyed man who had just struck the wires of the queer mandolin on his knees. Beside him a fair-faced lad jingled a tambourine. The instruments became silent and in the falsetto voice of the Turkish singer, the troubadour began the inevitable invocation in praise of Allah, “the Compassionate, the Merciful,” and of his Prophet. Another interlude of music and he launched into his story, the tale which we read in the Bible

as the sacrifice of Isaac but which the Moslem learns as the sacrifice of Ishmael.

With his eyes half-closed, rocking slightly to and fro, and beginning each stanza with a long-piercing cry, "Aaaaaah—aye!" the troubadour would sing a few moments with considerable expression, then suddenly stop and play a few appropriate chords. Thus the story went on, and on, every detail from Sara's raiment to Ishmael's beauty and love for his mother receiving its stanza or two. With rapt attention his audience listened. As the tragedy developed his voice alone ran tremors down my spinal column. And when "Ibrahim went into his tent and got a knife and all alone wept bitter tears" I saw those tears in the eyes of old men about me. . . .

Some enterprising man, I was told, had once opened a moving-picture show in Tchorum. The first few nights the coffee house was deserted. Then the old men and the young men returned to the troubadour. The moving-picture man, who evidently had more enterprise than films, departed. Some said he had been run out of town. "His pictures told the same old lies every night." . . .

I can see Tchorum now, and many another of the remote towns and villages of Anatolia. I can see the story of the latest and undoubtedly one of the greatest of Turkish heroes as it starts down the channels which have poured so much of the history of the East into the shimmering Sea of Legend.

What an epic for the troubadours, this story of the man who has converted Turkey's ruin into the most glorious victory of Turkish arms since the days when Suleiman the Magnificent, as Europe named him, or the Lawgiver, as the Turks call him, ruled the Mediterranean and challenged the West at the gates of Vienna!

From the obscure family in which he was born they will take Mustapha through the Turkish common and military schools into the army. They will tell of the tyrant Abdul Hamid who imprisoned him for his political opinions. They will accompany him in exile to Damascus. There they

will dream with him the dream of a Turkey, free from tyrants and safe from foreign intrigues. And the tambourines will clash as they bring him back to Istamboul, chief of staff of the troops which dethroned the Red Sultan. Ah, but the young men will feel their muscles tauten and the old men will remember Mustapha's words, "Islam holds even the Successor of the Prophet responsible!"

Then it will be the story of war, war, war—war in which Turkey has been plunged ever since she tried to bring her own house to order. In the mournful dirge of disaster there will be one throb of exultation. "And as he stood at Gallipoli guarding Istamboul, there came orders from the Germans to retire. Where are ye now, O Germans! The Flower of Islam stood firm and the foe was thrown back with great slaughter and Istamboul was saved!"

But, ah, the melancholy days that follow. Confiding in the fair promises of the conqueror we sign the armistice. The great guns are spiked, the armies disbanded, and under the windows of the Sultan the Allied warships cast anchor. Now do the fragments of the Empire's shattered sword mirror the victor's perfidy. Smyrna he hands to the Greeks who redden her azure waters with the blood of our helpless brothers and sisters. Yea, he marches his troops into Istamboul and dares to make the Shadow of God a prisoner! . . . And the tambourine will hang mute and hate for the foe who broke his word will struggle for mastery of men's souls with sorrow for the loved ones killed, the sacred places desecrated. . . .

But Great is Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful! Night though the day was, ye were wrong to lose faith, O Sons of Osman, to believe with the Infidel that the Crescent was eclipsed! Lo! in the East of Anatolia the Sun rises on the Day of Deliverance! There hath the Flower of Islam taken root in the cinders! See, he raises the flag of revolt, he eludes traps set for his arrest, he calls the representatives of the people together at Erzeroum. There they make a pact among themselves never again to lay down the sword

until the nation is freed from the last vestige of foreign dominion.

Now doth an abject Sultan condemn Mustapha to be hanged as a rebel. Now doth the Shiekh ul Islam launch against him and his companions the anathema of the Prophet. Woe unto the craven, the false! There are Osmanli so blind as to fight against the Deliverer. Civil war saddens the land. But lo, the Sultan's minions are crushed. No longer do his *firman*s run in Anatolia. The land is purged of the bandits who infest it. Order rises from chaos. Once more the caravans of camels may traverse the lonely roads in safety.

Now Mustapha calls upon the people to elect deputies to a Great National Assembly. There at the foot of Angora's craggy rock where seven centuries ago we crushed the might of Ghenghis Khan and became the masters of Anatolia, the chosen of the people meet. To Mustapha they offer the powers of the *Padishahs* of old, but lo, he refuses. Enough of Sultans. The time has come for the people to control their own destinies, to make their own laws and to execute them, though the Greeks be but two hundred miles away. Does not the Koran say, "Solve your problems by meeting together and discussing them." Over the speaker's chair they write the words of the Prophet in letters of silver. And the all-powerful Assembly decrees that for one year Mustapha shall be its President and shall command its army.

Its army! It has no army. There are only bands of volunteers. But let the Greeks deride their rags. For now from the distant villages of Anatolia the snowy roads pour men into Angora. There they are clothed, and given arms. With scraps of steel Osmanli genius repairs the cannon spiked by the conqueror. An army goes forth to defend the Nation encircled by foes!

In the East the Armenians are driven back and once more our brothers of Kars and Ardahan, siezed by the Tsar for a Sultan's debt fifty years ago, live under the Crescent flag.

Cilicia's noble sons, unaided and unorganized, force the French to quit their land and make their peace with the Assembly. From Adalia sail the troops of Italy. Alone remain the Greeks, and England.

Ah, the months, the dreary years of battle. Into the hands of the foe fall Afioun-Karahissar, Eski-Shehr. Triumphant he advances within a few miles of Angora. Hear the boasters: "In your Great National Assembly will we stable our horses!" But on the banks of the Sakhara they meet the Flower of Islam. Not this night nor yet another night, O Greeks, shall the capital of Turkey reborn provide mosques for your torch and women for your lust!

The exuberant tambourine sinks into silence. Thus a year of waiting passes with the fairest valleys of the land in the power of the enemy. But he advances no farther. Ah, the weary months, the weary months. The faint of heart look hungrily at the crumbs of peace which England offers. Not so the Flower of Islam. Is it for crumbs that we have poured out our blood? Our plight is bad but that of the enemy is worse, and his cause is not just. See, he weakens even now, he retreats, slowly, but he retreats.

Ah, ye may bombard our undefended ports, O Greeks. Your wrath is impotent. Yea, ye may threaten to seize Istamboul. Ye know in your hearts that the end is nigh.

Yet, once again will we offer you, O England and Greece, the choice of withdrawing in peace from our soil or of being driven into the sea. What! ye laugh at us? From your door ye spurn our ambassador? Ye say the Osmanli cannot drive the invader from his land?

Up from thy ashes, O Afioun, Black Tower of the Poppy Fields, from thy ruins, O Eski-Shehr, Old City that thou art, rise and say it is a lie! But the Flower of Islam stays not for your welcome, nor for thine, O lovely Brusa, ancient capital of Osman. Before his whirlwind sword, the proud enemy flees, burning the villages, destroying the crops, massacring the women and children. Ere the crescent moon is full the last of his mighty host are prisoners or refugees.

Ah, Smyrna, Smyrna of our dreams. Thou Pearl of Anatolia! As Afioun's fields in springtime, thy streets blossom overnight with the scarlet flag of Murad. Well mayst thou acclaim the Flower of Islam! The days of evil are ended!

Ah, Smyrna, Smyrna, must thou suffer yet once more the fury of the Greek? Must thou too feel the torch which has made desolate thy valleys? Thou art a heap of cinders but the price is not too great. Thou art freed of the Greek! Thy very scars shall defend thee from him forevermore.

Now doth fear slink through the arrogant capitals of the Entente. Haughty Austria begs at your table, mighty Germany writhes at your feet, proud Bulgaria timidly reminds you of the promises ye have not kept. From the grave in which ye buried him, lo! the Osmanli has arisen triumphant! With him whom ye despised beyond all others ye now hasten to treat as with an equal!

Well may ye rejoice, O Osmanli! Your homeland is free. Well may ye exult, O Moslems in bondage from Morocco to India! After the barren centuries, Islam has flowered!

* * * * *

Such is the song upon which the obscure Homers of Islam will lavish their wealth of color and imagery. Such is the story which with the speed of the Arabian horse will traverse the far reaches of Asia and Africa. Where the telegraph and the newspaper are unknown, in hidden mountain fastness, in uncharted oases of the Sahara, even now it fires the hearts of the followers of the Prophet. It is an epic which has within it the power to change the face of half the world.

Already the giant which is Islam stirs in his long sleep. There are those who dread his awakening. They talk of the Crescent against the Cross, of the East against the West. Those who know the Orient will not be deceived. It is the Cross which has enchained the Crescent, the West which

has invaded and exploited the East. Islam looks not toward conquest, it yearns but to live its own life. In the world there is place, there is need for the Crescent as well as the Cross, for the East as well as the West. Islam, which preserved for us one civilization and created for us another, Islam reborn will yet enrich the life of man.

The Crescent of Mustapha Kemal is no more the Crescent of yesterday than our Cross is the Cross of the Crusades. That "faraway look" in his eyes dwells on a Turkey that I did not see, that no man has seen. It was not in the cause of bigotry that he fought, this victorious general who, clad in modest civilian clothes, entered Smyrna in an automobile. Nor was it simply to defend the hovels of sun-baked mud which the Anatolian peasant calls home. It was to bring those peasants modern farm implements, railways, hospitals, to rescue them from ignorance, to wipe their hovels from the rich soil of Anatolia. I found the Turkish Nationalists at Valley Forge—giving Hamlet in the National Theatre they had opened, building a model kindergarten at Eski-Shehr, sending their educated men from the trenches to teach in the village schools, establishing the "People's University" at Angora. No, this Moslem soldier-statesman who could tell me, "We have women in Turkey who are as capable as men of occupying such high posts as that of ambassador to Washington," was not fighting for the land of the fathers, but for the land of the children.

* * * * *

Some day I hope to return to the "sweet waters," which, said Mehmed, the hotel bellboy, "pull men to Tchorum." "You will," he gravely assured me, "if it is so written in your destiny." I wish to go to the old coffee house, to sit down among grave bearded men, to sip my coffee while the *narghiles* gurgle. I want to hear the swarthy, one-eyed troubadour chanting the glory of the Flower of Islam. For I was there in the evil days, when the God of free men

demanded sacrifices from every patriarch and there was no angel to stay the knife, no ram to replace the son.

I think it is written in my destiny that I shall return. But may Kismet soon reach that page. Else I shall not find the old troubadour, save, perhaps, twanging a mute mandolin in the moving pictures across the square.



SYMPHONIA DOMESTICA

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

That child of missalliance that the owl
Bore to a thoughtless cricket, night-faced clock,
Berates me with its quirk and from its jowl
Drips down its weighty stare that fills its crock;
The mirror, a reflective puddle, sips
Too quietly the steps of everything;
The feline gaslight purs and licks its lips;
The drains, three frogs, are clearing throats to sing.

Outside the windows the implacable brow
Of night grows heavier, the shadows pair
Like combed-out strands of heavy hair.
The incensed wind mutters its casual vow.
My walls, drab red, affect a sunset now.
And this day ends with evening in a chair.

ISAAK WALTON

By LLEWELYN POWYS

IT would seem that gently flowing waters in some strange way lend themselves to thoughts of a meditative and religious complexion. It is reported of Confucius that whenever he sat by the side of a river he would cry, so deeply would his mind be disturbed by philosophic contemplations engendered by the sight of a gliding stream. And there is about the writing of Isaak Walton just this quality of reflective piety. As has been well said by Professor Sainstbury, there hangs over the pages of the "Complete Angler" a "singular and golden simplicity."

The book carries with it the very sights and sounds and scents of sweet river-side pastures, the very glimpses of their wide silver reaches, the very cries of their half-hidden water fowl—of moor hens, coots and dabchicks, the very aromatic smells of the over-grown water flowers that cluster about their damp margins. The "complete angler," Charles Lamb declared, "would sweeten a man's temper at any time to read it," and indeed its "smooth writing" has had a most consoling influence upon generations of human beings who, less wise or less fortunate than its author, have had for their life's occupation not the "disporte of fysshying," but "the diligence of trades and noiseful gain."

A certain similarity has been observed between "The Complete Angler" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and truly it would seem, as one remembers the two books, that something of the same lovely sunlight that lit up the green slopes of the delectable mountains falls also upon those glorified meadows of the Thames which used to seem to the old angler "too pleasant to be looked upon but on holy days." It is extraordinary how Isaak Walton has managed to convey to his readers the intense relish and enjoyment

that he was wont to experience on the occasions when he was able to leave his little shop in Fleet Street and go a'fishing. Never has the peaceful radiance of green fields under a May-day sun been more surely described. From each artless sentence, from the very words he uses there is evoked the actual look of the gleaming spring-grass, the actual smell of the cowslip-grown meadow-sod under the soft influence of a "smoking shower."

All day long in our fancy those enchanted meads seem to be echoing with "the curious ditties of the little nimble musicians of the air," while at night time "when the very laborers sleep" the nightingale holds them spellbound with the ecstasy that she pours out from her "instrumental throat." All day long between the cool shadows and cheerful sunshine of those verdant fields it would seem that boys and girls are out gathering lady-smocks and culverkeys.

And it is not only the green fields, but the whole countryside of that far-off time that is brought before our eyes, that opulent homely countryside of England that even today has scarcely changed its familiar aspect from when Chaucer's Frankleyn enjoyed the largesse of its acres.

"Ful many a fat patrich hadde he in mewe
And many a breem and many a luce in stew"

We ourselves actually see the grey park walls, the gnarled oak trees, the graceful beaches; we ourselves actually walk along the King's highway to Tottenham Cross under the cool shadow of a high honeysuckle hedge, with the golden discs of dandelions wide open in the ditch grass, and our boots floury white with the first thin dust of early spring. We ourselves enter that "honest ale-house" and see with our own eyes the sweet marjoram, the springs of rosemary, the green aromatic parsley on the cleanly kitchen table, delicious friendly simples, awaiting the dressing of that trout whose belly when taken "was part yellow as a marigold and part white as a lily." We ourselves sit in the raftered guest room and read one or other of the twenty ballads that are stuck about its walls and later when darkness has fallen and over the thatched roof and over the

dreaming shire the stars of eternal space shine down, take our rest between those sheets that "smell of lavender" and are as white as the milk drawn by modest Maudlin from the udder of her red dairy cow.

There is in the writing of Isaak Walton a quality so devout, so charged with a simple unadorned beauty that it can only be described as "apostolic" and indeed one might almost fancy that certain of its more inspired passages were taken directly from the Scripture, might have actually been written by one of the evangelists had chance led his holy steps to the flowering primrose banks of a river in England. "We anglers," Walton writes, "seldom take the name of God into our mouth, but it is either to praise him or to pray to him," and again "Let the blessing of St. Peter be upon all that are lovers of virtue and dare trust in providence and be quiet and go a'fishing."

What a winning insight we get into the good old man's temperament and disposition as we read his book. Like George Herbert and like Sir Thomas Browne, he represents in his character that unassuming devoutness, that humane sanctity, liberal but at the same time catholic, that has appeared from time to time amongst the sons of the Church of England. And what a rooted affection he cherished for that decorous island religion! In his will, written on his ninetieth birthday, he boldly declares his attitude, "I take it at least to be convenient to declare my belief to be, in all parts of faith as the Church of England now professeth . . . I give to Dr. Hawkins, Dr. Donne's sermons which I have heard preacht and read with such content." Again he refers to Dr. Nowel Dean of St. Paul's as the man who "made that good, plain, unperplexed catechism which is printed with our good old service book."

Always a stout Royalist, he had no love for Puritans or doctrinal controversialists and constantly deplores the fact "that the common people in this nation think they are not wise unless they busy themselves about what they understand not, and especially about religion." He himself put his own theological erudition to the good purpose of justify-

ing his favorite pastime, pointing out with considerable pertinence "that God is said to have spoken to a fish, but never to a beast." In his more secular researches his inquiring and observing wit made record of some extremely curious facts, facts that even he confesses would appear to be as incredible as the "resurrection of an atheist," but which, for all that, he declares have their place, "he whose name is Wonderful only knows how" in the obscure ordering of the laws of nature. There is, he asserts, "a certain river that turns sheep's wool to vermilion color if they drink of it" and he also tells us "that the stones of otters are good against the falling sickness," that "fish can smell an hundred yards away," that "hares change sexes every year," that "carp come to the surface at the ringing of bells," that "smelts smell like violets," and that eels "are bred of a particular dew falling in the month of May or June on the banks of some particular ponds or rivers apted by nature for that end." Of the means by which pike are brought into this world he is less certain, at first declaring with significant reticence "that some are bred by generation and some not" and then later suggesting that they, in some mysterious way, derive their life from picker-el weed. However, this initial uncertainty about the life's history of these "tyrants of the water," as he calls them, by no means deters him from further investigations. His "nice curiosity" even explores the emotional prejudices of this particular fresh-water fish, for he does not hesitate to assure us that "there has always existed between pike and certain frogs a great antipathy." Frogs, he declares, will make hard shift to overreach pond pike "beyond common belief." And he is at no loss to give evidential support to his contention, for he records how Bishop Thurzo, as he walked by one of his ponds, observed a frog, whose swollen cheeks expressed either malice or anger, to leap onto the head of a pike that was at hover near the surface of the water. They both sank together and the good prelate, being inquisitive to discover the upshot of the strange incident, called his gardener and had the pond dragged. The pike when

recovered was founded to be dead and with both its eyes clawed out. The Bishop expressed no little surprise at such an issue, but the gardener, who doubtless had had more opportunity of studying the hidden ways of nature, exhorted the reverend dignitary to "forebare wondering," saying that "*he was certain that pikes were often served so.*"

Isaak Walton also affirms that he was told "by a person of honor now long in Worcester" that so cunning is the strategy of these irascible roguish frogs "that collars of tadpoles are often to be found hung like chains about the necks of pike to kill them." In this case, however, even Isaak Walton is unsure as to the immediate motive prompting the subtle and deadly proceeding. For he concludes his narration by saying, "*whether it be done for meat or malice must be to me a question.*"

If frogs had the best of it in their relations with pike, it was a far different matter when they fell into the hands of the old fisherman himself. In his directions for using frogs as bait he writes, "Put your hook—I mean the awning wire—through his mouth and out of his gills and with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the awning wire of your hook—and in so doing, use him as though you loved him; that is, harm him as little as you may possibly that he may live the longer."

After reading such a passage, one can hardly wonder that Lord Byron was provoked to write:

"And angling too, that solitary vice
Whatever Isaak Walton sings or says
The quaint old coxcombe, in his gullet
Should have a hook and a small trout to pull it"

But Byron was not Isaak Walton's only critic. Richard Franck, a Cromwellian trooper, tells us that once at Stafford he faced the old man with his own writings, "urging his own argument upon him that pickerel weed of itself breeds pickerel (pike) and with such directness that the good honest man went huffed away."

What glimpses, with the very stamp of authenticity upon them, we get of the old angler from time to time. How

well we can see him under "yonder sycamore" saying his grace before partaking of his radishes and powdered beef and bread! And what engaging thoughts doubtless he revolved in his sober mind as with fingers, silver-scaly from cleaning the weeds and grass from the gills and throat of a newly caught logger-headed chub he sat there in the pleasant coolness munching at his brave breakfast! Now he would perhaps be weighing the possible advantage to be derived from his friend Oliver Henly's guarded secret for making the contents of his bait box the more palatable by anointing it with one or two drops of the oil of ivy berries, now musing over the country saying that "perch will not bite till the mulberry tree buds," now recalling that eels in a hard winter will unbed themselves and seek warmth in haystacks, and now brooding over the fact that tench are the physicians of fishes and carry in them a natural balsam.

The last piece of instruction he believed to have come through the Jews, a race of people who, he says, have carried down from past ages a vast amount of useful knowledge and yet so he declares, and surely in this case his vehemence cannot have been altogether dispassionate: "It is thought that they, or some spirit worse than they, first told us that lice swallowed alive were a certain cure for the yellow jaundice!"

The old man passed away at Winchester on December 15, 1683, when all England lay under the iron grip of a severe and pinching frost. And as he lay a'dying under the shadow of that ancient and monumental edifice that holds beneath its cold flagstones the bones of William Rufus and a hundred other Englishmen of the old time, we are justified surely in believing that during "that last hour of his last day as his body melted and vaped into spirit" his innocent and guileless soul was supremely conscious of the blessed assurance that it was about to enter, without dispute or hindrance, into the presence of that gentle Savior of the world whose last taste of food on earth had been, as Isaak Walton himself reminds us, a fish.

HISTORY AS IT IS TAUGHT

By M. MUNSTERBERG

AGNES REPPLIER, recently declared that "of all the direct products of education (of education as an end in itself, and not as an approach to something else), a knowledge of history is most essential." Who can disagree with this? And yet, though the possession of historic knowledge is undoubtedly not only desirable but a source of unlimited inner satisfaction, one cannot help wondering why the acquirement of such knowledge is often in school and even in college such a dreary task. The most human of studies becomes in the classroom so inhuman, arid and abstract. Leigh Hunt, I believe, uttered the sentiment that in tales and romances he found the serious records of life, whereas the histories were frivolous and futile. This judgment may not be as paradoxical as it seems, if by frivolous is meant superficial, and by superficial, abstract.

Every abstraction is, in a sense, a superficial view; for there can be no depth without plasticity, and no plasticity without the full presence of the whole. If history, the history that the student eager for humanistic education desires, is the story of man in the successive ages, then we must have man—the man of Pericles' time, the man of the Renaissance, the man of Queen Anne's day—presented to us not in his arbitrarily chosen role as political unit, but in the fulness of life. Do the text-books in history written for school use and the docile teachers who follow them line for line present the historic man as a plastic complete human being? The heroes, the kings, the mother of the Gracchi and Mary Stuart may no doubt be presented most plastically, with no picturesque possibility left unused. But is this true of the Athenian, the Roman, the Elizabethan? The individual teacher of unusual gifts and enthusiasm may, of course,

succeed in doing anything, and no doubt efforts are made more and more in this direction. But the programs mapped out by text-books for school and elementary college study still fall short of this ideal.

Professor Haskins of Harvard has defined perfectly the aim of teaching history as the acquirement of historic-mindedness. If you have historic-mindedness, you feel at home in any century that you may study. You will meet Greek as Greek; you will walk on the banks of the Arno in beatific visions; you will make your courtly bow in the garden of Versailles. Supreme instances of historic-mindedness are Pater's "Marius the Epicurean," Anatole France's "Sur la Pierre Blanche" and Santayana's "Three Philosophical Poets." Can ever a start in the direction of such full and inward understanding be gained from history as it is taught in the schools? Can you feel at home in the house of a man of whom you know nothing but that he is voting a Republican or a Democratic ticket?

It comes to this: History, as it is taught in the schools, is still chiefly political history. The old-fashioned history of wars, dynasties and presidents may be expanded to include constitutional history, possibly even economic history. Yet do the politics and trade of a nation represent the whole of its life? And, more important still, does the political setting in which he moves determine the whole life of a man? If the study of history is the study of man as a willing, hoping, achieving, suffering, resigned or triumphant human being—then the study of politics can give no better account of him than a study of the laws of a club can give an account even of its average members. That the biological and sociological view of history cannot possibly produce historic-mindedness goes without saying. Man as a biological unit is remoter from reality than man as a political unit. As yet, however, the routine teaching of school history has not been seriously affected by the inroad of sociology. The usual teaching of chronological events in the sphere of international diplomacy, warfare and legis-

lation, fitted into a system of "underlying" and "immediate" causes is enough of an abstracting process to make historic-mindedness difficult to attain.

For the understanding of life in its fullness any abstraction is dangerous. In all our daily affairs we may observe the thinning effect on life of a strict separation—say, of business and private relations, of "shop" and "society." "Shop" is an efficient, a technical abstraction from which the spark of warm real life must be fended off; "society" is a superficial abstraction from which the fruits of education and thought must be kept hidden like an indiscretion. As a result, "shop-talk" is dull and "society" frivolous. It is only in the intercourse of great natures that there is no nice separation of functions, no deliberate splitting off into double or treble personalities, no dam against the onrushing fullness of life. In the correspondence of Emerson and Carlyle, in the conversations of Goethe and Eckermann—where does "shop" end and social intercourse begin? "Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also." Real life is the focus of all human interests in the human soul.

What is true for the individual is true also for the nation. But in order to attain historic-mindedness we must understand not only the life of a nation as a whole, but the whole life of a nation. And this understanding cannot well be obtained through the traditional mode of presenting history. If we glance at an average history text-book we will find at the end of a chapter on the political history of a period an appendix in fine print covering the literary, artistic and generally intellectual history of that time. Inversely, a text-book for the use of English courses gives a survey of a century's political events in fine print at the end of a chapter of literary history. But this is no affair of the history teacher. The student of history may, if he or she be in college or finishing school, also takes courses on history of art, history of literature, history of economics, more rarely history of language, of science, of philosophy, of religion. But in our responsibility of teaching history in such a way

as to implant historic-mindedness, we cannot rely on specialized accompaniments. The most elementary history teaching cannot afford to deprive the historic man of the fulness of life. The history—say, of the thirteenth century—is the history of religion, of art, of literature, of scholastic philosophy, of industry, as well as of ecclesiastic and secular politics; and the same is more or less true of every other century. There is no reason whatever why politics should be given chief emphasis, even when the other features of national life are mentioned or supplied in an appendix. A course has been offered at Harvard on “The Intellectual History of Europe.” Such a course should be given in every school, not only on European, but also on American history.

“One word is too often profaned for me to profane it.” A history of culture might be recommended, one which would include the history of customs and traditions—what the French call “mœurs”—and which would give to political history no greater emphasis than to the history of any other phase of national life. In this way no pupil could fail to catch some note sounded in ages past which would strike some response in his nature, however dull; and the student with an accurate imagination would no longer have to rely on anecdotes and isolated episodes to make history alive. To such a student the historic man would appear in the whole fulness of life. At each successive period that he studied, he would exclaim like Humboldt: “Oh, century, what a delight to live in thee!” And in his earliest school-years would be planted the seed for an ever growing historic-mindedness.

THE NEXT PRESIDENT

By X. M. C.

FUTURE historians will mark the election of 1922 as a beginning of the breaking up of the old political lines. This does not mean that the old political parties are passing, but it does mean the passing of the Tory element in the Republican party and the passing of the League of Nations issue.

As a result of the defeat of many conspicuous—and un conspicuous Republican leaders, the advantage lies, of course, with the Democratic party. If it had able leadership, which it has not; if it had cohesive principles, which it has not; if it had a real aggressive minority group in the Senate and the House, which it has not—there would be no question that the next President of the United States elected in 1924 would be a Democrat. Whether in the year and a half of preparation for the campaign of 1924 it could evolve these three, remains to be seen.

In any case the situation of the Republican party as a party is extremely dangerous. It may be possible that the Republican party will go on for the next twenty years shilly shallying back and forth under the occasional domination of an aggressive Tory here and there following a hit and miss program as regards principles, catching at a weakness of its opponent, but eventually becoming a party very similar to the Democratic party after the Civil War. On the other hand it is possible, though highly improbable, that the progressive group of the Republican party, those who sympathize with, even if they do not literally follow Roosevelt, may be able in the next two or six years, to gain the supremacy and carry on a program that would attract elements in the country that looked to Roosevelt for leadership.

Nowhere have I seen any competent analysis of the elections. It is wrong to say that it was an anti-Republican election. It is wrong to say it was an anti-administration triumph. In California, the Republican Senator, Hiram Johnson, was elected by a majority of over 300,000. Surely there was nothing anti-Republican in that. The Republican candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, was elected by a majority of 250,000 and he earnestly stood for the administration in his campaign. Surely there was nothing anti-Republican or anti-administration in that State. In New York State, Mr. Nathan L. Miller, who was a receptive candidate for the Presidency up to the last week of the campaign, as against the administration, was defeated by over 400,000, although he had specifically denied that he was running on a National Republican platform, insisting in many speeches that the State issue must decide the election and not the National.

Surely there was nothing anti-administration in that fight, although it was unquestionably anti-Republican.

If in other states, friends of the administration like Mr. Frelinghuysen of New Jersey were defeated, there were sufficient Progressive victories like that of Mr. Howell in Nebraska to show that the Tory element of the party, what Roosevelt called the "bourbon" element, was the main objective of the election drive rather than President Harding.

In other words, I would say that President Harding's position with regard to the control of his party has not been changed by the election. For if the election has shown that the progressive element is in the ascendant it has done so only to those who are blind to what has been going on in the country for over a year. President Harding can make himself the leader of the progressive element in the country, and if he wishes to force his own nomination for the Presidency in 1924 he can do so successfully. Those who know him, however, believe that he is too indifferent to the honors of leadership to enter into a battle that might jeopardize the

Republican success that year. What he will do, however, without any question, is to put the forces of the administration back of a candidate who will at least be a sympathetic representative of his administration. I do not believe that he can force the nomination of any man who will be disagreeable to the progressive forces, but he will be in a position—if he should decide not to run himself—to say that only a progressive who has been fair and friendly to the administration shall be nominated. The result of this condition, I believe, is that those progressive leaders of the party who have presidential aspirations will try and work with President Harding and that there will be a demand from many sections of the country for Secretary Hughes goes without question. His defeat in 1916 has more than been forgotten by the work that he has done as Secretary of State. He will have the advantage over many of the other aspirants in the fact that he is thoroughly indifferent to the nomination. There is no doubt that Mr. Hughes was a very keenly disappointed man in 1916 and a sadly disillusioned one, but while most of the politicians in the Republican party refuse to believe it, he has reached the time of life where he looks on his own political future with absolute philosophical calm.

As I said in *THE FORUM* of November, he is one of the few men connected with the Harding Cabinet whose loyalty is not spoiled by his own personal desires. If there were anything that might bring Secretary Hughes into active politics it would probably be such activities as those that generally mark the New York politicians, who, in very hatred of him, suggest such names for candidates as Governor Miller.

After Secretary Hughes, the most prominent candidate for the Presidency will be Senator Johnson of California. Despite all the talk of a third party in connection with his name, Senator Johnson is probably of all Progressives the one least interested in that movement. He had his share of revolution in 1912 and if he has any secret ambition it prob-

ably is to even up the score within the party lines. He knows too that the large following that he has in the East, as was shown by his primary fight in 1920, would not leave the party with him but will follow him and stick to him as long as he is a Republican leader.

Gifford Pinchot is another man who will have to be reckoned with but a year from now will be a better time to discuss the strength of Pinchot than at the present moment. If he can go into the conventions with the Pennsylvania delegation he will be one of the strongest contenders for the nomination.

Sometime in January, Leonard Wood is expected back from the Philippines. He has not lost his ambition but there are few who believe that he could again create the furor that he did previous to 1920.

"What is to become of Hoover?" someone asks. It is a curious thing that with all of Hoover's unquestioned cleverness and with all his popularity with certain elements, there is not a Republican politician in Washington who takes Hoover as a Presidential candidate with any seriousness. Unless by some strange turn of the wheel, the administration itself should take him up, his showing in the next convention will be little more impressive than was his showing in the last one.

To what man will the Democrats turn? Unquestionably the man who could have swept the country, mainly because of his record as a vote getter, were it not for his religion, is Governor Smith of New York. With victory almost in sight it is doubtful if the Democratic party will show a desire in 1924 to risk the injection of the dreaded religious issue. The advocates of William G. McAdoo, those who for four years have believed in the logical candidate for President, are today for some reason or another weakening in their allegiance, although he is the one figure that looms large today with every possibility of his being nominated unless there should arise other and more aggressive candidates.

The defeat of Senator Pomerene in Ohio was a distinct loss to the Democratic party. A loss in many ways but especially in the fact that it increases the political stature of Governor Cox and gives that statesman an additional claim to being heard despite the monumental disaster that centered about him in 1920.

It is frequently said that the country having selected one Senator in President Harding would not again go to the Senate for a candidate. As a matter of fact the country cares very little about where the candidate comes from, and with the talent in the House of Representatives at such a low ebb, it will be in the Senate that the important man of both parties will develop. Both Democrats and Republicans are looking for leaders and the Senate in the next year will be an acrid training ground.

BAZIL DEAD-WIND, THE BEGGAR

By LEW SARETT

He squatted in the mud, with hand outstretched—
Beetled of forehead, bulbous and scarlet of nose,
Pocked by mysterious illness; but with the stream
Of silver jingling in his birchen bucket,
His muddy scars waxed somehow crimson-clean—
Much as a warty toadstool flushes to life
Beneath the benediction of cool sweet rain.

FRUITION

By GUSTAVE DAVIDSON

I have even such leaden skies in my soul,
And trees, like these,
Sobering autumnally in my brain.

Some day, in summer,
When the sun, like a loosely-bodied woman,
Squats vulgarly in the sky,
I shall remember them
Imperishably.

WALTER HINES PAGE*

WALTER HINES PAGE was born in Cary, North Carolina, in August, 1855, and died in Pinehurst, North Carolina, in December, 1918. He taught school, served on various newspapers, and in 1897 became the editor of this Review, which under his enthusiastic and energetic hand became one of the leading reviews of the English-speaking world. After eight years of this service he left THE FORUM, and in 1895 became the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. He then took the editorship of *Harpers Weekly* and finally of *The World's Work*, becoming, at the same time, the chief associate of Mr. Doubleday in the new company which carried his name—Doubleday, Page & Co. In 1913 President Wilson appointed him Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and in October, 1918, he came home to die—in Mr. Hendrick's words, "As much a casualty of the war as was his nephew, Allison Page, who lost his life with his face to the German machine guns in Belleau Wood."

That is the story.

Now comes Mr. Hendrick's two volumes of Page's Letters so well and wisely edited that the selection made from his prodigious correspondence has been turned into an illuminating picture of the man, all told by himself, except for the delicate string prepared by the editor which makes these jewels into a charming necklace.

It would be a pleasant task to discuss these Letters from various points of view; from the standpoint of the man as a letter writer, which will alone keep the book alive for many years to come to prove that, in spite of the typewriter, letter writing is not yet a lost art; from the standpoint of

the picture the Letters give of a man of ideals so honest and so high that they become a lesson to us, the daily grinders in the old mill whose noses are slowly being worn away by the grindstone; from the standpoint of the Letters as evidence that their author was so much more of a man and citizen than any but his closest friends would ever have known him to be had it not been for the war and his high place in it; from half a dozen other viewpoints, which for want of space must here be passed by.

The great historical value of the Letters seems to be in the picture they give of the practical working of modern diplomats during a period such as has never existed in the world before. It is only necessary to recall the like records of a Machiavelli, a Metternich, a Thiers, Talleyrand, Adams, Disraeli, and a Bismarck, to realize the interesting fact that we are coming at last, if we can find the men, to the point where the destinies of millions of people shall no longer be settled by the secret agreements of a few international traders in political merchandise. Page, as he conceived his job, had no axes to grind, nothing to do but be honest to both sides; and his fine sense of humor and straight dealing won the approval of the men he came in contact with even in the most critical periods of those critical months and years.

The book is full of so many references to his belief that the personal acquaintance of individual Americans and Englishmen is necessary, that courtesy goes so much further than any other one thing in settling doubtful points, that it shows this policy to have been a creed with him. It might well become a creed with diplomats everywhere. Someone has said somewhere that if from time to time a million young Americans could spend a year in England and a million Englishmen a year in America, there would never be any serious misunderstanding between the two nations. Page did not pretend to ask this, but he did plead again and again with President Wilson that he himself and members of his Cabinet should come to England. There was only one

exception—William J. Bryan. He looked with humorous dismay upon the possibility of a visit from this particular Secretary of State. He pled to better purpose with the English, for they did send their best, and the results of their visits are well known.

The Letters, therefore, become a kind of code for a new diplomacy, for a new basis of international relations in the future. Not an open-covenants-openly-arrived-at conception. Far from it. There is no hint in all the nine hundred pages of these volumes that delicate questions between nations should be discussed in the newspapers. In fact he cries out against the Bryan brand of statecraft that constantly published his confidential dispatches. The new diplomacy, as he saw it, was to be conducted by the heads of the different departments of the Governments in question, frequently by actual meetings, always with courtesy—ordinary politeness—such as two friends would naturally use toward one another; without assertiveness; with a realization of one another's position, and with a marked absence of irritating attitudes.

He felt that such a diplomacy was possible only between the officers, or agents, of representative democracies; and as a corollary he saw no place in the world for autocracies or monarchies. He was not a trained diplomat. He never went to a school of diplomacy. His training was that of a man of letters. He brought to bear upon his work as Ambassador no previous knowledge of the diplomat's arts. He had no art at all. He merely went about his work in the British Foreign Office with Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Balfour, and at dinners and social meetings of all kinds, with a straight-forward frankness and a genial personality that won for him not only many a disputed point, but the lasting friendship of the men whom other days and other diplomats would have looked upon as enemies to be beaten in the international game. There was nothing of the game or contest in Page's plan. Nobody was trying to beat anybody. Both sides were trying to find a way out together.

Insofar as the letters that are published go, there is no hint of the necessity for any contest whatever. Yet he never failed in his stout Americanism.

This unconscious record of straight dealing, followed later by Secretary Hughes' proposal at the opening of the Disarmament Conference, make two examples of a school of international procedure that is as new and refreshing to the tired old world as are the first daffodils of the spring to the tired old winter. James Bryce, the wisest student of political science the world has known for a long time, became Page's personal friend; and the books of the one and the letters of the other are convincing witnesses to prove why this friendship grew and prospered.

The grief and consternation Page feels at President Wilson's too-proud-to-fight and peace-without-victory Notes would be humorous, if they were not so serious. Perhaps in his own mind the very seriousness of these colossal errors gave them a certain humor in his joyous and humorous mind. Even some of the rest of us can now see a little of that grim humor.

In his mind the diplomat's work was to advance the power and the interests of his own land by furthering the interests of other lands and bringing them by frankness, courtesy and good-will to see how much greater benefit might come to both, if they worked thus together, than if they worked separately and at cross purposes. Before the war, when he first began to write from England, he looked with dread upon the political situation in Europe; and these first letters make an illuminating record of Col. House's visit to Germany in that vain endeavor to start some disarmament program. It is all the expression of Democracy pushing its ideals upward through centuries of the work of personal ministers of the Crown.

It may be that Europe is worse off today than at any time in the last thousand years; but no cheerful soul, such as Walter Page, could believe it. He might, in his happy way, tell a story of some Negro to illustrate the fact that the opera-

tion had been severe and that the patient had nearly died, but he would come back with a hopeful view that it was better to get the cancer of royalty out of the body politic, no matter how deep the cut had to be; and he would go on asserting that because of it better times were ahead for the great body of mankind. That is a cheerful outlook, and not at all an unattainable one. It is better to hope than to growl; the doughnut always has a better taste than the hole.

If the change brought by the war, if the message of a man such as this simple North Carolina gentleman can help to bring Governments to some realization of the modern fact that they cannot stand alone, that they can accomplish anything by working together, then there will be little need of cut-and-dried Leagues of Nations, whose very articles will almost immediately become fetters to prevent free action.

Democracies do not tend toward conquests. Democracies have no desire to fight for the sake of fighting. But it was proved in the years 1917-1918 that democracies can fight, if they have to, with a vigor that comes from the united effort of millions of individuals, and that far surpasses the power of an army directed by a King. There is little danger of war between real democracies. One cannot conceive of Switzerland advancing into Austria or Italy for the purpose of acquiring territory or treasure. Yet Switzerland was ready in this great war, if any one had presumed to overstep her frontier. Canada and the United States have no fortifications along their common boundary line. No monarchy on earth has ever conquered a Cuba and given it back to its inhabitants when the latter gave evidence of a power to govern themselves. We may some day invade Mexico; but if we do, it will only be to repeat the Cuban episode, if the Mexicans show that they can likewise fill the bill. We may some day fight Japan; but only if Japan is imperialistic. The British Crown has had its day of conquest; but the British themselves are today the first to say that they are through with that step in the development of civilization.

It is a pleasant glimpse into a possible future of international relations that Walter Page gives in these letters to his sons and relatives, to his President, and to the minister without portfolio—Col. House. And somehow as you read the whole of the two volumes at a sitting you catch the fine spirit of the author and begin to believe that it may at least in part come true as a result of the war and of the work of such as he.

He gave the best that was in him for the good of his country. He gave his life, in fact. Whether his death was caused entirely by overwork and the strain of his duties during these strenuous years, may be perhaps questioned. From the Letters it would appear that the strain which most told upon him came during the years when the United States was neutral, or was supposed to be so; and when he was losing faith in President Wilson, who had been his idol for years.

Page had known Wilson from the time when as young men they lived near by in the South. All along through the succeeding years they kept in touch with one another, more or less, and when Wilson entered political life and began his series of remarkable speeches, their tenor, their high level of idealism found a responsive chord in Page.

The Letters show again and again during Wilson's presidential campaign how Page looked to him to help the cause of the people, of democracy, and of the best that the Democratic party stood for in his mind. When, later on, Wilson sent him to England he accepted gladly in spite of financial doubts not only because he liked the job, but because he felt he might accomplish something for those ideals which the two men held in common, since Wilson would be his Chief.

This attitude prevails in all these remarkable letters, day after day, until sometime after 1914. Then there creeps into them more and more as time goes on a spectre; then a doubt; then a grief at the loss of a friend who has somehow disappeared. Finally there comes the acknowledgment

of Wilson's egotism and absence of any capacity to grasp the real crisis of the war and the real course of events.

It should be borne in mind that these particular letters were written over a period of four years, that when one was dispatched there was no hint of what was to come the next day, or in the next letter. This is no carefully prepared volume of reminiscences direct from Page's hand; it is only the grouping together of some of his letters which he wrote from day to day. Yet no experienced novelist could sit in his quiet study and develop a character in one of his stories as Walter Page, sitting in the midst of a terrific war, has drawn the development of Woodrow Wilson's character in this correspondence.

It is an arraignment. Like most of the books so far written by men closely associated with Wilson, it tells the story of a change from faith to loss of faith, from interest to distrust, from confidence to bewilderment. The pathetic pleasure with which he praises some particular note or speech of Wilson's that was definite and vigorous, as in the case of his speech before Congress at the time of our declaration of war, makes only greater the contrast in the letters that wonder what is happening to his Chief.

Added to the strain of the times and to his none too vigorous physique the depression caused by the destruction of an idol had much to do with aggravating his last illness. It took away at least one of the props which helped a fine spirit maintain an overtaxed body.

If space were only available it would be interesting to study a little the talent which Page shows in the construction of these letters. They were written almost in their entirety in his own hand between midnight and two o'clock in the morning as he sat in dressing gown and slippers in his bedroom. They are unstudied and uncorrected—just as they came out of his mind at the moment. Yet each has its own bit of fun or humor; each has its well-pointed story to illustrate what he was at the moment speaking of; each has its serious consideration of current events and some of

the high conceptions of his active mind. They make up in the whole a very remarkable correspondence to have been conducted in the twentieth century by a citizen of a nation which is supposed to waste little time on such trivial matters as letters to the family. They hold their own with Walpole and the other great letter writers of history.

*"The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page," by Burton J. Hendrick. 2 Vols. Doubleday Page & Co.

THE SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAIN SEES THE SPRING

By KATHRYN WHITE RYAN

Unto the valley, Spring! But to me, hush.
I see my blue-eyed daughters, slim sweet streams,
Fling off the ice like brides their maiden dreams;
There comes no crimsoning to my high snows . . .
I see the little orchards wake and flush;
Boys drip from pools like pink buds growing wild.
But I stand here with blanched uplifted face,
Sometimes the sunset pities me and throws
Upon my brow the petals of a rose . . .
I am the sentinel, alone, apart,
Watching with piercing calm the young Spring start;
Holding white sorrow, hushed, within my heart.

AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE

THOSE who have studied, with any degree of care, the situation as it unfolds itself day by day in the Near East, have experienced and are still experiencing a great deal of uneasiness. Up to the present time actual war between Turkey and England has only been averted by the cool-headedness and saneness of Lord Curzon and his colleagues in the British Cabinet. Twenty years ago the arrogance and intemperance shown by the Turkish leaders would not for an instance have been tolerated. But the growing demands of Kemal cannot always be accepted, and if continued there will undoubtedly come a time when one too many will have been made and the two countries will be at one another's throats.

The seriousness of such an event cannot be overestimated. It is already certain that war would not be confined to the two countries. All the fanaticism of which the Mohammedan religion is capable of producing will be aroused and the flames will extend throughout the East. Russia will see her opportunity of attacking a moribund Poland and Germany and so in brief instant the unspeakable horrors of another world war will be unloosed upon mankind.

But there is another side to the question about which little has been written and concerning which there has been little discussion—the attitude to be taken in this country. It is already known that great pressure has

been brought to bear upon the President and Mr. Hughes in the cause of the Armenians and other Christian minorities. The power of the Church, backed by no small following is insistent in the belief that Christianity must be defended against the horrors of Mohammedan extermination.

Should, and it is quite within the grounds of probability that it may, a massacre of half a hundred thousand Christians suddenly occur in Constantinople, a fever pitch of excitement will arise throughout the land. Hasty decisions are frequently made under stress of such an event as this, that cannot easily be undone. Therefore, every man and woman in the United States should give this question their most serious consideration while there is yet time so that they may know their minds on the issues involved if they are called upon to make the great decision.

Of all the election contests this year none was more interesting or important than the one in New York State which resulted in the defeat of Governor Miller by Ex-Gov. Smith. So many issues were involved that it is possible for almost any cause to regard itself as vindicated in this particular outcome. As for ourselves we prefer to believe that the main cause of Gov. Miller's downfall was his failure to understand popular government. Hundreds of thousands of Republicans have come to regard the direct primary as an advance in the cause of Democratic government. When, therefore, Gov. Miller ruthlessly repealed the most important sections of this Act, he offended a large body of Republican partisans who felt that he was undoing all the work that had been done by Theodore Roosevelt and Charles Evans Hughes. Unfortunately too, it was evident that Gov. Miller understood little of the currents of thought of the time, and had little appreciation of the fact that while the Republican party is a conservative party the vast majority of its members are far from reactionary and while they apparently tolerate reactionary leadership they still resent it.

Thousands of people are asking what has become of the Roosevelt influ-

ence in the Republican party, what has become of the intelligent understanding of the principles of our Government that marked the opposition to Thomas C. Platt in his strongest days and that unseated leader after leader when their leadership was shown to be nothing but a selfish grasp for power. As we have pointed out time and again there is a stupid minority in New York, mainly in New York City that is continuously asserting its right to leadership, although its ignorance of American history and American Government would make of it a poor following rather than the standard bearers of a great party in democracy. This minority still believes in a Federalist party, this minority does not hesitate in private conversation to assert that the country would be better off if we had the return to property qualification for voting. We have even heard members of this enlightened group question the wisdom of popular education, and as we have recorded before we have heard one distinguished member of it declare his belief in it in a limited monarchy.

Could banality, could dullness go any further? Of course all of these masterful intellects assume that they are fooling the people and that the plan to take away power from the people is a scheme that no one but themselves understands or knows of. As a matter of fact, however, the people have their own way of sensing out the treachery of those who seek public office with a smile on their faces and a glib expression of confidence on their tongues, but with a secret purpose to hamstring popular government.

DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

*RADIO**

THE trite blurb "filling a long-felt want" may in all truth be applied to this book. The book is exactly what it purports to be—a complete simple explanation of radio reception and transmission, including the outstanding features of radio service to the public by private and government agencies. The wide-spread public interest in radio which may well be said to have been acutely developed within the last twelve months has brought upon the market a veritable flood of literature upon the subject, much of it out of date, some part of it of value, but most of it uninteresting and inaccurate, and of not much use to the novice or amateur.

Mr. Taussig's "The Book of Radio" now published by the Appletons is a splendid contribution. Typographically the book leaves nothing to be desired, and the profuse and detailed illustrations visualize the subject matter with great clarity, not only for the novice and the amateur, but for the scientific student as well. Mr. Taussig has written the work in a very happy vein; he tells his story clearly and concisely, omitting nothing of importance and in no way exaggerating the unimportant nor embellishing the obvious.

The foreword, written by Mr. James C. Edgerton, now Superintendent of Radio of the Post-Office Department, and who served with distinction in the Radio Aeroplane Service during the war, delightfully introduces the subject. Mr. Taussig is one of the pioneer radio amateurs of the country and, as pointed out by Mr. Edgerton, "the information he presents is authentic and up to the minute." As an indication of Mr. Taussig's treatment of the subject, mention is made of a few of the chapter headings: "Listening In"; "Electricity As Applied to Radio"; "Receiving Set for \$2.00"; "How to Purchase and Assemble Vacuum-Tube Receiving Sets";

*"The Book of Radio," Charles William Taussig. D. Appleton & Company.

"Reducing Interference from Static"; "What Can I Hear On the Radio?" The chapters upon the development of the radio service of the War and Navy Departments, Post-Office Department, Department of Agriculture and the Department of Commerce, radio in European countries, and the greatest wireless station are historically accurate and of peculiar interest to the amateur seeking further fields for development in this most interesting subject.

Mr. Taussig's chapter entitled "Learn the Code" brings the novice up with a sharp turn, and shows how much can be accomplished if the subject matter is really understood. The Radio Dictionary, giving the words most frequently used in radio, with their meanings, is useful and important.

All in all, this is a most readable and helpful book and it is commended to novice, amateur and professional alike.

—S. M. STROOCK.

CHARLES DICKENS AND THE DRAMA*

THERE is something pathetic in the spectacle of Charles Dickens, the great Victorian author, always aspiring to dramatic fame and ever failing to achieve it. His facility, as a novelist, in delineating popular characters led him to anticipate equal triumphs as a playwright—alas! the stage figures that he fashioned were as wooden as the boards on which they moved. Others dramatized his books with signal success, and pirated renditions of the works of Boz were played in the theatres of three continents. But when Boz himself attempted a drama, not even the brilliant talents of his friend Macready could raise it above the commonplace.

Despite Dickens' fame as a novelist, he was avid of a more visible applause. At one time, he contemplated becoming an actor. The "assumption" (as he called it) of a costume seems to have had for him a peculiar charm. He wished, somehow, to fill the public eye. His caustic criticism of American customs and manners, upon his first American tour, was tempered by the satisfaction he derived from finding himself the observed of all observers. In vain, his friends discouraged his decision to give public lectures. The knowledge that his reading had power to make women laugh and weep was very unction to his soul.

For years, however, he dreamed of a wider audience, of an audience which would be reached by the dramatic masterpiece he felt himself capable of writing. This dream never came true, and the novelist who had a Midas touch for his other literary ventures did not profit from box-office receipts.

Though Dickens was no playwright, he was an inveterate theatre-goer; at one period, he tells us, he went to the theatre every night, with few

*"Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play," by Alexander Woolcott. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

exceptions, for at least three years. Nor was his interest in the drama tinged with provincialism. When he journeyed in foreign lands, he invariably attended the play, even if it was produced in a language that he could not understand.

Mr. Woolcott's book is interesting throughout. It is a valuable contribution to Dickensia, and is, in addition, a well arranged and readable volume.

—DAVID K. ESTA BRUCE.

THE NEST OF DEATH



T is fitting to place at the head of a review of Professor Ossendowski's volume of adventures* the title of one of its chapters, for he reveals to us from Krasnoyarsk in Siberian Russia to the border of Manchuria there exists a vast land of lawlessness that probably has had no equal in the world's history—unequaled because it is inhabited by peoples whose civilization has crumbled, whereas the lawlessness of our own pioneer West and similar lands was the raw beginning of civilization which was to follow.

Were it not for the fact that Professor Ossendowski was a reputable scientist, famed beyond the borders of his native Poland before the Great War, and an officer of the French Academy, one might suspect that this record of adventure were the product of a Twentieth Century Defoe, for his story from the time he took to the woods on the shores of the Yenisei River, in order to escape from a band of Bolshevik soldiers, until he rode into Peking in a modern railway car, is so replete with murder, mystery, exotic description and revelations concerned with Buddhism as to make them seem to be the products of imagination.

Professor Ossendowski stepped into the Siberian wilderness equipped only with warm clothing and a rifle. It was his intention to make his way into Mongolia and to work his way down into India and thence to Western Europe. Into Mongolia he did get, picking up some civilian refugees and some "white" Russian officers and becoming the leader of quite a band. Beset by danger first from Red bands, this party made its way as far south as Tibet, where they were stopped and shot up by bandits.

With what was left of his party, Professor Ossendowski made his way back to Urga, in Mongolia—Urga, the city of the Living God of the Buddhists. Here he saved the city from a *pogrom* by Chinese hooligans, studied the Buddhist oligarchy as very few westerners have been able to do, and finally, again risking death at the hands of the Reds, escaped from it to the Trans-Siberian Railway.

*"Beasts, Men and Gods," by Professor Ferdinand Ossendowski. E. P. Dutton and Company.

During this journey he and his companions were unprotected by anything but their own bravery and skill with firearms. The reader, who in earlier years enjoyed the tales of the James Boys, or those of Slade and the Vigilantes farther west, will find these adventures of a scientist much more thrilling and infinitely more truthful. Besides having produced a volume of adventure, Professor Ossendowski incorporated in it calm and search observations of the mysteries of Buddhism. Merely the interviews with a Living God of Buddhism would have been sufficient material for a book, but in this marvelous work this is only one of many of its claims to such an adjective.

—G. S. YORKE.

*BLOOD**

LOTHROP STODDARD'S latest book, "The Revolt Against Civilization," surely drives one to think. It is quite impossible to read it and adjudge yourself to be the same person, in mind, as you were before reading the work. The author foresees a great crisis in which the world will be a battleground of struggle between the constructive forces of society and the under man. Civilization depends absolutely upon quality, while quality, in turn, depends upon inheritance. With the appallingly rapid increase of degenerates and defectives staring the thinking world in the face, scientists and savants must turn to a medium of relief from the swift propagation of inferiors. It is in eugenics, aided by birth control, that Stoddard finds promise of a palliative. Segregation of defectives, appreciation of racial principles, wise marriage selection: these are the main items in the programme of race purification.

It is not likely that Mr. Stoddard found inspiration if we may call it that, in the depressing results of the Army psychological tests for determining mental capacity, used on 1,700,000 men during the World War. These proved that the average mental age of Americans is only about fourteen; that forty-five millions, or nearly one-half of the whole population, will never develop mental capacity beyond the stage represented by a normal twelve-year child; that only thirteen and one-half millions will ever show superior intelligence, and that only four and one-half millions can be considered "talented." If we may accept these findings, in toto, (bearing in mind the disquieting thought that examinations, as a whole, were conducted very hastily, of necessity) then we may well believe that intelligence is today being steadily "bred out" of the American population. Coupled with this startling revelation is the evidence that the highly intelligent stocks in America are barely reproducing themselves, while the other elements are increasing at rates proportionate to their decreasing intellectual capacity.

*"The Revolt Against Civilization, by Lothrop Stoddard. Scribner's.

Bolshevism, the elaboration of a revolutionary philosophy which has fired and welded the rebellious as never before, is at bottom a mere "rationalizing" of the emotions of the unadaptable, inferior and degenerate elements, which threaten to sweep away the institutions of civilization and progress, all music, literature, the arts and sciences.

"In the name of our Tomorrow we will burn Rafael,

Destroy museums, crush the flowers of art . . ."

Unfortunately, the flight seems to lead backward toward the jungle past.

Modern art, with its shapeless Futurism, Vorticism, Expressionism, is a fierce revolt against things as they exist, according to Mr. Stoddard, and almost as extravagant is the "new" poetry, in its defy hurled at structure, grammar, metre, rhyme. But an upset art and a garish poetry do not portend the greatest problem to the seers of the future. Far more terrifying is the undermining of the pillars of civilization and the blasphemy of an orderly society, with the under man, our present menace, the grim giant of the future who will bring about the chaotic retrogression to the primitive.

Edwards vs. Jukes, two families of widely dissimilar blood strains, are cited by the author to show the responsibility of society to the race question. The Jukes clan, of feeble-minded origin, in seven generations cost the State of New York over \$1,250,000 because of its call upon public corrective institutions. Paupers, degenerates, thieves and murderers were traced. The family of Jonathan Edwards, in which the old Puritan strain ran high, produced a long line of men eminent in professions, in industry, in finance. Almost every department of social progress and of the public weal has felt the impulse of this healthy and long-lived family. What a contrast!

Utopia! A dream of scientific circles for a century, the evolutionary process, stimulated by the application of eugenics must, however gradual, produce changes almost beyond our present beliefs.

It is not to be expected that every reader of "The Revolt Against Civilization" will bound from his chair to carry on the cause of Neo-Aristocracy. But to have read the book will have been "lifting one's eyes to the stars." And one thing is certain. The volume will undoubtedly add fire to the hoary discussion between environmentalists and the protagonists of the heredity theory.

—OSBORN F. HEVENER.

RELIGION AND CIVILIZATION*

STATESMEN are telling us in increasing numbers that Religion is of supreme importance in the world, that without Religion civilization would go to pieces. Religion then is a sort of spiritual cement holding the body politic together, the self preserving society from decay. That is, without religion civilization gets "rotten."

*"In Many Pulpits" with Dr. C. I. Scofield. Oxford University Press.

From this point of view since thoughtlessness about high ideals is so universal, and irreligion so prevalent, there is ample explanation why modern society, as evidenced by the daily press, is "rotten."

Books on Religion are important, since Religion is such a supreme necessity. Books of sermons may therefore properly come under the notice of the reviewer in a magazine of such tolerance and breadth of view as "The Forum." A typical and noteworthy book of sermons is that of Dr. C. I. Scofield "In Many Pulpits." The writer is the famous editor of the Scofield Reference Bible who gave up his pastorate to complete that monumental work. Preacher, lawyer, soldier, he found occasion to deliver addresses "In Many Pulpits" which gathered together, twenty-seven in number, in a volume of the same name form the present volume. They cover a wide range of topics, from the first one "The Best of All Good Resolutions," "Is Life Worth Living?" "Busy About the Wrong Thing," to the very end. Brief, brilliant, practical, stimulating, they aid powerfully the cause of religion, and constitute therefore their full weight in maintaining the permanence of the body politic. The present volume as well as the spoken word is the author's personal testimony to the intrinsic worth as well as the infinite preciousness of Religion to the human spirit.

—(Rev.) DEWITT L. PELTON.

*THE RISING TEMPER OF THE EAST**

SYMPATHY for the under-dogs of the world in their common desire for liberty, for better food and homes, for education into the nobler things of life, is the dominant note sounded by Frazier Hunt in "The Rising Temper of the East."

Bullets and bayonets do not beget love. Love comes with friendly helpfulness and cooperation. Because force has been largely used by Britain in Egypt and India; by Japan in China, Korea, and Siberia; by France in Indo-China and Madagascar, the author finds everywhere a growing discontent, an increasing hatred for the foreigner. This is being expressed in riots and revolutions, strikes and outbreaks of various kinds, all having the joint purpose of expelling the hated invader. All are actuated by the same desire for land and liberty. And he finds this restlessness not only in the Far East, but nearer home in Mexico, in Haiti, in Santo Domingo.

He admits that we of America are perhaps less guilty than the others, but says our hands are not stainless by any means. He points out that "the history of the white man's civilization is not a pretty one. It has been mostly one of conquest and gain and loot." And he finds that "these men with bayonets and these men dreaming of profits have differed

*"The Rising Temper of the East," by Frazier Hunt. Bobbs Merrill Co.

very little, regardless of the time or of the flag under which they conquered and looted." He adds naively that "none has been a conqueror or an imperialist in his own eyes, but each in turn has pointed the finger of scorn at the other fellow and accused him of bad faith in dealing with weaker, far-away peoples."

After painting vividly, interestingly, in true reportorial style, local conditions under Zaghlul in Egypt, Gandhi in India, Kagawa in Japan, the author takes us around the globe by way of Australia and the Philippines, showing everywhere this rising temper among the backward people of the earth. He finds it expressed most strongly among the almost countless millions of yellow, black, and brown men in the East. He prophesies that eventually they will not only drive out the invader and gain their nationalism, but that "more rice, better homes, and all the precious things of real freedom" will surely follow.

This is a book of the hour. A perusal of it will help one toward a livelier understanding of the important news of the day.

—ARTHUR A. CROSBY.

STATIONERY

That expresses the height of elegance and maximum of utility.

Ingress De Luxe

A Correspondence paper for women of taste and refinement.

Made in the United States from imported French hand made paper. Envelopes lined with dipped papers.

Nippon De Luxe

A distinctive paper for letter writers, 4 quires to box. Rough for stub pens—glazed for fine pens.

The Seymour Co.

Agents and Manufacturers

High Grade Papers

245 Seventh Ave. New York

Strathmore Stationery

for Men

Ask Your Stationer

THE RETURN OF CASANOVA*

THERE is a lightness of touch and charm about Arthur Snitzler's "The Return of Casanova" that is closely reminiscent to his earlier "Anatol." It is difficult to portray the love affairs of a fat old man of 60—even if he has the reputation of Casanova or even of Don Juan himself for that matter, as anything more than rather sickening. Snitzler, however, has attempted and succeeded in that difficult task and the result is a combination of real wit and infinite charm.

Snitzler has taken as the theme of his story a part of the life of Casanova that have failed to obtain notice in his voluminous memoirs—his return to Venice, the town of his birth, to die after many years of weary exile.

While awaiting the decree at Padua he happens by chance on an old friend who insists on taking him to his home. Casanova though old is still irresistible to the ladies and the wife of his friend is most anxious to resume the place in Casanova's fleeting affections that she once occupied. He has gazed upon the lovely face of her young niece however and has sworn that she shall be his. The young lady is disdainful of him and for once in his life he begins to realize that old age is upon him. He refuses however to give her up and by a clever subterfuge manages to obtain his end. It leaves him with a sorry realization of himself and he creeps into Venice almost wishing he could die.

—RONALD TREE.

* "The Return of Casanova," by Arthur Snitzler. Thomas Seltzer.

R. H. Macy & Co.
Herald Square Inc. New York

MAINTAIN the largest and most complete book department in New York City

VENUS
EVERPOINTED

THE cherished personal pencil is the Venus Everpointed—made in various styles, plain, chased, engine-turned and hand-engraved; silver-filled, gold-filled, sterling silver and solid gold; large and small.

\$1.00 to \$50.00

Gold-filled—Engine-turned	\$5.00
Plain	3.00
Silver-filled—Chased	1.75
Plain	1.50

All Venus Everpointed Pencils contain the famous VENUS Thin Leads, made in 2B-B-HB-F-H-2H-4H degrees, 15c per box of 12 leads.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.
American Lead Pencil Co.
220 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

THE FORUM ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

Training for Authorship



How to write, what to write,
and where to sell.

Cultivate your mind. Develop your literary gifts. Master the art of self-expression. Make your spare time profitable. Turn your ideas into dollars.

Courses in Short-Story Writing, Versification, Journalism, Play Writing, Photoplay Writing, etc., taught personally by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein.

Dr. Esenwein for many years editor of Lippincott's Magazine, and a staff of literary experts. Constructive criticism. Frank, honest, helpful advice. *Real teaching.*

One pupil has received over \$5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time—"play work," he calls it. Another pupil received over \$1,000 before completing her first course. Another, a busy wife and mother, is averaging over \$75 a week from photoplay writing alone.

There is no other institution or agency doing so much for writers, young or old. The universities recognize this, for over one hundred members of the English faculties of higher institutions are studying in our Literary Department. The editors recognize it, for they are constantly recommending our courses.

We publish *The Writer's Library*, 13 volumes; descriptive booklet free. We also publish *The Writer's Monthly*, the leading magazine for literary workers; sample copy 25c, annual subscription \$3.00. Besides our teaching service, we offer a manuscript criticism service.

150-page illustrated catalogue free.

Please address—

The Home Correspondence School
Dep't. 17 Springfield, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1897

INCORPORATED 1904



REAL HARRIS, LEWIS, and SHETLAND HOMESPUITS

DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS

The Aristocrat of tweed for golf and all sport wear
Patterns and Prices on Application

S. A. NEWALL & SONS, (Dept. 42) Stormont,
SCOTLAND

State shade desired and if for ladies' or gent's

Write for Card Forms

KARDEX

TONAWANDA, N.Y. BRANCHES EVERYWHERE

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS, garagemen, mechanics send to-day for free copy of this month's issue. It contains helpful, instructive information on overhauling, ignition troubles, wiring, carburetors, storage batteries, etc. Over 120 pages, illustrated. Send for free copy to-day. Automobile Digest, 662 Bldg., Cincinnati.

AMBITIOUS men, write today for attractive proposition, selling subscriptions to America's most popular automobile and sportsman's magazines. Quick sales. Big profits. Pleasure work. Digest Publishing Co., 9662 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati.

Lemcke & Buechner

[ESTABLISHED 1848 AS B. WESTERMANN & CO.]

Booksellers and Importers

30-32 East 20th Street

New York City

Telephone Stuyvesant
6613

We carry a large stock of German books and make weekly importations of books and periodicals from all parts of Europe.

Books Received

- "Real Property," a book of poems, by Harold Munro. MacMillan Company.
- "The Russian Immigrant," by Jerome Davis, Ph.D. MacMillan Company.
- "Women of the French Revolution," by Winifred Stephens. E. P. Dutton Company.
- "Modern Italy," by Hon. Thomaso Tittoni. MacMillan Company.
- "The Critical Game," by John Macy. Boni and Liveright.
- "Seeing the Eastern States," by John T. Faris. J. B. Lippincott.
- "Rainbow Gold," by Sara Teasdale. MacMillan Company.
- "Appraisements and Asperities," by Felix E. Schelling. J. B. Lippincott.
- "Character Problems In Shakespeare's Plays." Henry Holt & Company.
- "The A B C's of Business," by Henry S. McKee. MacMillan Company.
- "Letters of Franklin K. Lane," by Anne Wintermute Lane and Louise Hernick Wall. Houghton Mifflin Company.
- "The American Party System," by Charles E. Merriam. MacMillan Company.
- "Outline of Science—Volume 4," by Professor J. Arthur Thomson. G. P. Putnam Sons.
- "Robinson Crusoe, Social Engineer," by Henry E. Jackson. E. P. Dutton Company.
- "The Constitution of the United States," by Thomas James Norton. Little, Brown Co.
- "The Story of Utopia's," by Lewis Mumford. Boni and Liveright.
- "Ancient Man," by Hendrik VanLoon. Boni and Liveright.